

# THE ART-UNION,

## MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS,

### THE ARTS DECORATIVE AND ORNAMENTAL,

8c.

No. 75.

LONDON : DECEMBER 1, 1844.

PRICE 1s.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, BIRMINGHAM.

November 23, 1844.

The Members of the above-Institution have resolved to KEEP their EXHIBITION OPEN until the end of JANUARY, 1845.

The delay in opening, caused by the late period of closing the London Exhibitions, together with the increased facilities which will be given for augmenting the subscription lists of the Art-Union, will, it is hoped, be considered by the exhibitors, as fully justifying this arrangement.

F. H. HENSHAW, Sec.

THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.—In consequence of the 5th Regulation of the British Institution, and in order to give greater facilities for the Sale of Pictures now Exhibiting, by extending the time for receiving Subscriptions to the Art-Union, the Committee of the Liverpool Academy has resolved to PROLONG the SEASON until the end of JANUARY, 1845.

The unavoidable delay in opening the Provincial Exhibitions also renders the above resolution necessary.

J. T. EGGLETON,  
Nov. 23, 1844.  
Secretary to the Academy.



ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.  
Artists are respectfully informed that the EXHIBITION at the Institution CLOSED on the 19th of October. The whole of the Pictures, &c., unsold have been forwarded to the addressees of the respective owners (those for London to the care of Mr. Green, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital); and the Council of this Institution request, if any Picture or other Work of Art should not at the date hereof have reached its destination, that an immediate application may be made to the Honorary Secretary; or to Mr. Green, as above.

G. WAREING ORMEROD, Hon. Sec.  
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## MERCANTILE VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS.

## ON THE MULTIPLICATION OF WORKS OF ART IN METAL BY VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

EARLY in the year 1838 Mr. Thomas Spencer, an eminent picture-frame-maker in Liverpool, and an intelligent cultivator of science for its own sake, was led to observe points of similarity, almost amounting to identity, between chemical and electrical forces: his inquiries on the subject led him to institute a long series of ingenious experiments, in the course of which he found that under certain circumstances of galvanic action a solution of sulphate of copper could be dissolved, and that the copper thus separated from the acid might be atomically deposited on another copper plate, where it would form a new layer of copper, exhibiting a perfect facsimile of the original plate in the most minute particulars. This discovery received the name of the electrotype, and it was hailed as a most valuable means of multiplying medals, copperplates, and raised ornaments. Some months after Spencer's publication of his discovery, Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, obtained the same results at which the English inventor had previously arrived, and forthwith claimed for himself the exclusive merit of the discovery. When the British Association for the Promotion of Science met in Glasgow, Spencer and Jacobi appeared before the Chemical Section, where their rival claims were discussed with great earnestness and attention. The prejudices of the scientific body were in favour of Jacobi: he was an eminent professor, having known rank and position in the scientific world; he belonged to the same *order* as the majority of his judges, and they naturally felt some interest in the maintenance of his fame. On the other hand, men of science felt that there was something derogatory to their order in the fact that an important discovery, making revelations which escaped the cognizance and even the suspicions of professional chemists, should be assigned to a simple tradesman of Liverpool, whose name was now heard of for the first time beyond the precincts of his limited locality. Nor was this prejudice confined to the professional philosophers. We were present at the meeting, and took some interest in the matter. We know that the feelings generally were against Spencer until he produced such overwhelming evidence that Jacobi himself was left without the power of reply. The decision of the Chemical Section was, that both gentlemen had independently arrived at the same result, but that the priority of invention was undoubtedly Spencer's. We have been induced to give these details because the prejudice to which we have already referred led some of the periodicals to deal rather loosely with the matter in their reports of the meeting; and because, having had an opportunity of testing Mr. Spencer's statements, we obtained indisputable evidence of their accuracy and their truth.\*

\* In the "Mechanics' Magazine" for March last, a gentleman, named Jordan, claimed the priority of invention of the electrotype; we have not had an opportunity of investigating the evidence he adduced.

The advantage of the electrotype over ordinary copies made by casting is the perfection of the results. There are a viscosity and a want of perfect fluidity in melted metals which prevent the cast from being a faithful copy of the original, and which render it necessary that the hand of the chaser should be employed to complete the surface, remove superfluities, and supply defects. The material used in casting, viz., sand, must necessarily produce a rough and imperfect copy, and it is furthermore liable to accidents of distortion, which would spoil the effect of the entire design. On the other hand, the electrotypes are perfect: the finest lines, the most minute dots, are as faithfully copied as the boldest projections. We have found reproduced in the electrotype the scratch of a needle which could not be seen in the original without the aid of a microscope; hence, if we have a perfect model or mould, the electrical process will ensure a perfect copy or cast. On the other hand, the electrical process is slower and more expensive than that of ordinary casting, and consequently must always maintain its sway for all coarse productions.

The electrotypist always operates on some compound of a metal held in solution by a fluid. To chemists belong the formation of these solutions, and it would not be possible to enter into any investigation of the various compounds that have been brought into use, without involving ourselves in discussions foreign to the object of this paper, and extending it to a very inconvenient length. At the same time, however, we must record our opinion that the field of chemical inquiry connected with the electro-metallurgical art is far from being exhausted, and that there are few unexplored domains of chemical science more likely to reward a diligent and judicious pursuer of experimental inquiry.

When a metallic salt, or any other metallic compound, is held in solution, the metal may be regarded as resolved into its original and primitive atoms, the minuteness of which evades the human ken even with "all appliances and means to boot." The perfection of the copy obtained arises from the metal being deposited in the mould or on the model atom by atom. This is effected by passing an electrical current through the solution, and so regulating its force as to procure for the deposit those qualities of hardness, softness, or flexibility which are required according to the purpose for which the electrotype is designed. It is not necessary to enter into any details of the various processes of manipulation; Spencer's little work, published by Griffin of Glasgow, contains instructions for electro-copying, with a simple and cheap apparatus, which will enable any of our readers, for a few shillings, to go through the whole process themselves.

Indeed, the application of voltaic electricity to the multiplication of impressions of coins and medals narrowly escaped becoming as much the rage of fashion as shoemaking, papyro-plastics, and working in Berlin wool, all of which have within our memory gone far to convert fair ladies into working artisans. We have seen very extensive collections of duplicates of the most beautiful coins and medals formed by electrotype amateurs; and we believe that to the facilities thus afforded for obtaining accurate copies, Art is mainly indebted for the revival of the taste for elaborately chased metals. It is not to be imagined, from this statement, that the die-sinker's occupation is gone; the ordinary processes of coining are so much more rapid and economical than those of electro-copying, that they are not ever likely to be superseded for ordinary purposes. Neither do we think that medal-chasers will have reason to complain of the extension of the electrotypic copying process, because, though their work will be lessened so far as regards the production of many specimens of the same medal, it will be more than proportionally increased by the rising demand for a variety of chased medals. As yet, indeed, this branch of Art

has made but little progress in England; far less than its capabilities of producing the most exquisite forms and combinations of form would have led us to expect. Still a few specimens have been produced, not unworthy the graver of Benvenuto Cellini; and we have good grounds for hope that our English medallions will soon rank among the highest examples of this branch of the Fine Arts. Messrs. Elkington and Co., who have taken the undisputed lead in the metallurgical arts, are now introducing articles deposited entirely in gold and silver. Most of the articles as yet produced are copies from the antique. We believe that this will give a most healthy impulse to the progress of the higher arts of design in England. The possession of a cup or vase of exquisite taste and beauty will naturally lead to the desire of possessing companion ornaments of a similar kind, and thus there will be created a demand for inventions, requiring first-rate talent for their production. No manufacturer could be compensated for the expense of such designs by the ordinary processes of manufacture. A design which can be multiplied into 50 or 100 copies, each as perfect as the original, will justify the manufacturer in paying the designer ten times as much for the original as would be paid for a pattern from which only one or two casts could be taken.\*

The absolute fidelity of the electrotyped copy amounting, in fact, to perfect identity, early led to the application of the art to the multiplication of engraved copperplates for the production of prints. The first experiments appeared so perfect that all classes of engravers were filled with alarm; we have ourselves seen the artist who had actually engraved a copperplate unable to distinguish his own original from the electrotyped copy. But it was found that, from some cause or other, the plates produced by voltaic agency were defective in cohesion, and did not resist the rubbing which is essential to the printing of the plate. It may be that the deposition of the metal atom by atom prevents the plate from attaining the cohesiveness which is given by the ordinary process of rolling and hammering; but we still believe that means may be found to overcome this difficulty, especially by the substitution of the electrotype for the stereotype plate has been found perfectly successful. Of some later applications of voltaic electricity to the printing both of books and pictures we shall probably treat at some future opportunity. Our attention must at present be directed to a department of the application of the science more immediately connected with the higher branches of Art.

We have already noticed that in voltaic electricity the metal is deposited atomically, or in portions so minute as to be inappreciable by any known formulae of human measurement. Hence such a process is obviously of the greatest value in covering over any soft and easily corrodible metal, with a thin film of some other metal better able to resist the corrosive action of the atmosphere. Electro-gilding and electro-

\* Although we have abstained in these articles from noticing any manipulatory processes, yet that adopted by Messrs. Elkington and Co. is so very ingenious, and so valuable to the formation of national taste by facilitating the multiplication of works of Art, that we must notice it briefly. A mould is taken from the original design in an elastic composition of caoutchouc, glue, &c.; and this mould has not only the advantage of minute accuracy of copy, but is capable of removal from place to place without danger of being broken. The elastic mould is then filled with wax melting at a low temperature, combined with a powerful de-oxidizing agent, usually phosphorus. The wax mould is removed from the elastic mould when cold, and on it, by the voltaic agency, is deposited a coating of copper of any thickness that may be required. The wax is then melted out, and the copper shell remains an exact copy of the original design. The copper may be made a mould in its turn, and when a shell of gold or silver is deposited in it, the copper may be melted away, leaving the design executed in the precious metal, perfectly accurate in every feature. It is obvious that great nicety is required in the manipulation of these several processes, and this is probably the reason of the slow progress of the art.

plating are even more valuable aids to Art than electrotyping; and electro-gilding has the further recommendation of delivering workmen from a most unwholesome process, which was scarcely ever pursued without the most deleterious consequences. In the old form of gilding an amalgam of mercury and gold, about the consistence of paste, was applied to the metallic surface required to be gilt, and the mercury was then sublimed or evaporated by the application of heat. Various contrivances, but all more or less ineffectual, were used to prevent the inhalation of the mercurial fumes by the workmen; but, in spite of all precautions, the evaporated mercury tainted the atmosphere, and produced frightful diseases in the unhappy victims. There were other disadvantages attending the process of mercurial gilding; the soft amalgam being brushed on in a semifluid state, the more prominent, which of course are the parts most exposed to be worn away by attrition, were the least covered with gold, while the indentations received an unnecessary quantity, which, in many instances, overlaid and hid the finer parts of the work.

In the process of electro-gilding every portion of the article receives an equal portion of gold; the finest lines and the most delicate workmanship are as perfectly covered as any other portion of the surface; and if there be any inequality it will be found that the gilding is thickest on the prominent parts, because they are the first to attract the action of the electrical current. The colour of the gold laid on is far more perfect in the electrical than in the mercurial process, and, the application of heat not being necessary, the electrical process can be applied to several metals and other substances which could not stand the mercurial process. Iron and steel can now be gilt; indeed, some steel bracelets covered with gold by voltaic electricity have been produced, which, for finish and sharpness, are to all appearance equal to any, and superior to several, formed entirely of the precious metals.\* A very important question still remains to be decided—the comparative permanence of the gilding effected by the two processes; a great deal must of course depend upon the quantity of gold used, but, supposing that the same quantity is applied in both instances, there is every probability that the electrical process would be found preferable, because it more uniformly spreads the gold over the inferior metal.

There is, however, a danger of manufacturers resting satisfied with spreading too thin a layer of gold over the inferior metal, and the very perfection of the covering which the electrical process affords is not unlikely to lead to this error. We have tried several specimens of gilt steel by immersing them in acid, and found in most instances that the steel became corroded. This, however, was not the case where the gilding was sufficiently thick. We mention this circumstance the more emphatically, because we have seen some advertisements in which it was stated that the deleterious influence of copper vessels would be prevented by covering them over with a thin electrical deposit of gold, silver, or platinum. We doubt the efficiency of such protection, unless the electrical deposit be far thicker than any we have yet seen employed; and, even when the thickness has been increased, we should still have some misgivings, as the failure of the electrotyped copperplates seems to show some deficiency of atomic cohesion in the deposits obtained by voltaic electricity.

Electro-plating with silver is in every respect superior to the old method of silvering. No solid article could be made by the old process of plating, because the ornaments were required to be made

separate with a hammer or with a die, and were then soldered on to the article; but the soldering used was necessarily soft, and consequently liable to give way on accidental exposure to heat. Those housekeepers who have been in the habit of using plated candlesticks can easily supply numberless illustrations of this defect from their own experience. But, in electro-plating, the artisan is not limited in the choice of the metal which he has to use as a substratum, neither is he compelled by the nature of his process to use soft solder when it is necessary to fasten parts together. He can have his pattern cast in the solid, and on the pattern thus complete may deposit his gold or silver; and hence on plated goods he can reproduce with very great accuracy the most delicate designs of the graver or chaser. Although we have seen many creditable specimens of electro-plated goods, none have come under our notice which sufficiently illustrates the perfection of which we have reason to believe that the process is capable. Now that casting in bronze and iron has been brought to such high perfection in Berlin and Paris, we should hope that English artists would bestow some attention on the preparation of chased or sculptured models, the multiplication of which would spread their fame, while the means discovered for the preservation of the articles would ensure its perpetuity.

The use of phosphorus as a conducting substance has greatly extended the application of electro-metallurgy. If a preparation of phosphorus, in a liquid state, be applied to fruit, flowers, insects, or any natural objects, these may be coated over with metal, without being injured in their natural forms or proportions. We possess some exquisite specimens of this novelty in Art; the manipulation employed is not very difficult, and we earnestly recommend those who are about to visit distant lands to furnish themselves with the apparatus, as it will enable them to send or bring home entomological and botanical specimens in more perfect preservation than has hitherto been attainable. We have what was a branch of hazel on which copper was deposited by voltaic electricity, and the original vegetable matter burned out; it was then gilt by the electrical process, and, notwithstanding the double operation, every rib and vein of the leaves is as perfect as in the original plant.\*

Artistically considered, the processes under our contemplation are perhaps most important when viewed in relation to friezes, reliefs, and other works of Art. Of whatever materials these are formed, they may be electro-silvered or electro-gilt, so as to receive real durability and apparent solidity, though formed of materials so plastic as to yield themselves to every thought of the modeller. This faculty of gilding and plating has obstructed the progress of another application of electricity to Art, which has already produced some beautiful specimens. We have seen some electro-statues, electro-bronzes, and electro-busts, but we have not received such particulars of the manipulation employed as would enable us to form any estimate of the probability of the electro-type processes superseding those already in use. A very important branch of metallurgy remains to be mentioned, the application of zinc and copper to wrought iron, to prevent oxydation or rust from exposure to the atmosphere or to the action of water. This, however, belongs rather to the useful than the ornamental arts; and there are besides some electro-chemical difficulties connected with the subject which could not be discussed without entering into a wider range of scientific inquiry than would be acceptable to general readers.

It is a matter well calculated to stimulate reflection, when we find the most sublime and most

wondrous discoveries of science almost immediately applied to the purposes of Art, and rendered subservient to domestic comfort, convenience, or ornament. Light has been brought under control by the Daguerreotype and the Calotype; and now the electric fluid, that most fearful agent of storm and tempest, is made to perform the most delicate metallic operations with an accuracy and a precision beyond the reach of the most trained and skilful operative. From what we have said it will be seen that we regard the arts of electro-metallurgy as being still in their infancy. Even within the last few months a patent has been taken out for the manufacture of metallic cloth, that is for covering the fibres of cottons or woollens with a metallic film sufficient to render them waterproof and fireproof. We have not seen any specimens of this process, and have, therefore, had no opportunity of testing its efficacy; but we quote as a matter of scientific curiosity the description given of the process of manufacture :—

" On a surface of copper attach very evenly stout linen, cotton, or woollen cloth, and connect it with the negative pole of a galvanic battery; immerse it in a solution of copper or other metal, connecting a piece of the same metal as that in solution with the positive pole: decomposition takes place, and, endeavouring to reach the copper plate, the metal insinuates itself into all the pores of the cloth, forming a perfect metallic sheet."

It seems not unlikely that this process might be advantageously extended to the manufacture of gold and silver tissues, and to the heraldic decorations of banners and flags. Perhaps some cheaper forms of the process might be employed in the manufacture of tents and rickcloths, and other coverings which may on occasions be used for protection or dwellings. Here, however, we must dismiss the subject, but we shall probably resume it when the applications of electricity have received the further developments which we have every reason to anticipate.

#### THE NOMENCLATURE OF PICTORIAL ART.\* By J. B. PYNE.

LANDSCAPE, like all the other walks in painting, has its several distinct styles—the lowest admissible one the SIMPLE; the medial one the BEAUTIFUL; and the highest the SUBLIME. All below the first is unacknowledged and valueless; and anything above the last has never been attained, nor, from the nature of things, ever will.

Beyond the sublime, in the range of feelings to which the mind of man is susceptible, lies the dread region of the terrible. It is created by the real alone, and nothing short of the actual in nature can produce it, even for a moment.

It will be acknowledged at once that, of all modes of rendering an imitation of an event, the stage possesses the greatest power. It has the advantage of uniting the concentrated capabilities of painting, poetry, and music. Instead of being limited, like painting, to the representation of one moment of time, and those incidents, out of the many, which took place only in such moment, the mind is prepared by a continued run of events for the development of some grand burst of tragedy—the poetry uttered by the choicest language of passion, the picture formed of living man, under the highest emotion, and relieved upon a background of music, rushing in harmonious surges, or gliding through thrilling melodies from one appropriate and sustaining character of pathos to another, as the subject may demand. Yet, with all this, though the terrible may be represented, the emotion is not conveyed to the mind of the spectator. The actor himself cannot feel terror and act. And, if any amount of feeling beyond the sublime could be communicated to the mind of an audience, all would be wild emotion—all would be in a state of terror.

I have seen in the course of my life two or three persons leave a theatre under considerable excitement; and have known some others make a promise never to go into one again to see a tragedy; but never witnessed one instance of simple terror.

\* Continued from page 306.

\* Messrs. Elkington and Co. have deposited silver and other metals so hard that it was necessary to soften them, by heat, before they could be burnished. Much must, of course, depend on the intensity of the electrical current and the quantity of the precious metal used.

\* Some beautiful specimens of botanical and entomological specimens, preserved in metallic coverings, are exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution. The process is equally applicable to busts, statues, &c., and the Messrs. Elkington have produced a very convenient apparatus containing all the preparations necessary.

Far less, then, can a picture, a poem, or a piece of sculpture excite the dread emotion. It is fortunate that, while this emotion is incompatible with imitation, it is not one of the objects of Art. To wish for the power of producing it would be parallel with the wish of the landscape-painter for a white which should be equal to sunlight. Grant both, and we should have our feelings harrowed by some pictures, and our eyes blinded by others, while it would involve the destruction of Art itself.

Amongst a number of men, however, who would sacrifice the whole of a life to the pursuit of an art, it is not strange that some may overrate its capabilities, and challenge for it powers not only of an extraordinary character, which it may have, but such as are incompatible with Art itself, and which it would be unfortunate if Art could possess.

It may be imagined by some that this limiting of the province of Art, and cutting down its imagined proportions, is unamiable; and mischievous, as abating the high artistic aspirations of those who may be only able to hit one object, by aiming at another; as a person may, by throwing stones at the moon, be able ultimately to hit the church weathercock. But is it not rather useful to at once dissipate an absurdity, and go straightforward to that which, though rarely attained, is attainable? It may be urged, notwithstanding, that by attempting the terrible you may hit the sublime; but it is more consonant with experience to imagine that by such a process it is the sublime allies itself so frequently with the ridiculous, and the too ardent mind with failure.

Much of the misconception as to what may be done in painting proceeds directly from what is asserted to have been done by some of the old painters: their fine gold has been gilded by the writers on Art and the holders of pictures.

It would appear, that when a picture is once set down or rather set up to be praised, every successive writer has thought it his duty and interest to transcend either in matter or words, or both, whatever may have been said before upon the same subject, until you may imagine the poor picture, though a good one, blushing under its undue weight of clumsy laudation. Much in the same manner, and with equally respectable motives, a London brewer writes up XX ale; a second makes the same article XXX; and a third, in order to transcend his competitors, writes XXXX: so that, unless brewers have a much higher scale of morals than picture critics, we may expect in the course of a short time to see a huge sign-board filled with X's, and at the bottom, "Ale."

It is frequent that one sees this twenty-X style of criticism applied to pictures, which are described as realizing the terrible, to be in a "terrible gusto," &c.; and a young painter, feeling that such a description has remained for a few centuries uncontradicted, deferentially puts it down as true, and then goes to work on the terrible principle. Much safer are those who, commencing with the simple and gentler emotions which they may really feel and appreciate in early life, put off the grander attempts until an acquaintance with the sublimer passions—only to be acquired after maturity, through, perhaps, adversity and intense study, shall fit them for graver and more weighty themes.

The first, or lowest, recognisable style of landscape—and the production of works lower than which would not entitle the producer to the title of painter—is the simple. This country, more than any other at the present time, abounds in painters of this class: produced partly from an innate love of landscape, common to Englishmen, and partly from the particular character of that class of persons who are the picture buyers of the present age.

The English, as a nation, are also a portrait-loving people. Immediately a man emerges into position and consequence, he has his portrait painted, then that of his wife, and afterwards perhaps—if not too numerous—those of his children. To this amiable disposition, and the existence of the portrait-painters, are we indebted for the first germ of a taste towards painting in many, and afterwards liberal patrons of the Fine Arts. His next act of encouragement to the painter is to commission a portrait of his horse, then his dogs, and perchance a favourite old servant. When this last takes place, and long before the inspired painter of history or poetry is employed, comes the turn of the landscape-painter, who is commissioned for a portrait of the

house, with a bran new front, smooth lawn, salmon-coloured walks, and laurel trees. Should not the love of pictures and picture-frames stop here, the landscape-painter is employed again: there is a portrait of a favourite fishing spot to be done, with this never-failing injunction: "No storms, young gentleman; none of your sunsets or sunrises, or scarlet skies, Mr. Painter; indeed, no nonsense of any sort; but a true picture of the place, with the little bit of worn grass in front, as it will bring poetical associations into my mind." With this description of employment, it will not be wondered at that so few landscape-painters ever go beyond the simple, nor that so many even stop short of that point: for the road to grand landscape is of vast extent, and barren of profit until the end be reached; while the lower styles furnish provender to the mere colt in Art, as the lower animals are furnished with legs as soon as born.

The chief constituents of the simple, in landscape, are an atmosphere, with its gentler phenomena; effects varying between quietude and briskness; correct harmony of colour, with no discord or oppositions for the sake of effect, as they would destroy simplicity and produce a mixed work; select but not very elegant forms; and altogether conducted with an unobtrusive but straightforward execution, and such as will admit of the naturalness and peculiar character of objects, without descending to that overminuteness which, accompanying even a moderate number of parts, detracts from simplicity, and is seldom obtained but at the sacrifice of some other and more important points of naturalness, upon which simplicity depends.

A work possessing this character may strike some as being no very GREAT achievement, nor would it; but it might be justly described as "broad, clear, simple, and natural," which is no mean praise, and could not be challenged for many works out of a hundred of any nation of painters in existence.

The simple should not aim at too much point; nor is it intended to stir up emotion beyond a pleasant satisfaction, and a quiet delight. It may be not inappropriately described as the smile of Art, which would be at once put to flight by its broad laugh, its frown, or its tempest of emotion.

In drawing an estimate of one's own works, or those of others whether living or dead, whether by some esteemed master or one perfectly unknown, it should always be borne distinctly in mind, that any productions in landscape which may fall short of this power of raising in the human mind those first gentle emanations of feeling, those first trillings of emotion which constitute delight, must remain in the same rank with still-life paintings, more than which they are not. No elaboration or detail, no polish of surface or textual dislocation and ruggedness, can lift it from the low sphere to which its want of purpose had condemned it. On the contrary: the more minute, the more would it approximate that kind of art necessary to the embellishment of a work on natural history or botany, and with which a "figured" tulip or daisy, on a white paper background, would challenge an equal value, while its utility may be even greater.

It is too often lost sight of that there are as many sorts of naturalness as there are expressions to be worked out of landscape nature; and which form its different styles. The first is the naturalness of detail, with which and to which the greater part of the public confound and refer all naturalness. It is the necessary and first study of the pupil, and can never with safety be lost sight of, any more than the finished and passionate writer, in the higher styles of his art, can throw overboard the rules of orthography, with which it admits a very close analogy. There is the naturalness of forms, as contributing to certain expressions or movements of the mind, quite apart from those accidental or general forms which may attach to particular and individual objects as well as species; so that one may readily acknowledge that, for some particular picture of a certain expression, there may be one particular form of object more appropriate than any other; and that any other form, to be introduced in lieu of it, might weaken by so much such certain expression of the picture, and the naturalness of such expression.

It is equally the same with colour; though its diffusion over the whole surface of a picture, its being the first thing seen on approaching a work, and its more generally appreciated blandishments,

would tempt one to say, that with colour it is still more the case than with light and shade, which, however, contributes, by its capability of communicating expression, as much as the other constituents of accomplished Art.

They all add to or take from the general impression, according as they are judiciously or injudiciously managed; and that work must inevitably strike the most complete and heaviest blow, to the single expression of which every minute part is made to administer, just as much so as that a sober man, with a straightforward and undeviating step, will be sure to achieve a greater distance on any given road than drunken one, who pays more than occasional visits, first to one side and then to the other.

If the addition, then, of expression, even in its first stages, is necessary to elevate "Furniture Art" into "Fine Art;" and if expression, or if that which in a picture of landscape will dispose the mind to emotion, is only a higher kind of naturalness, any thing in Art below the simple is a grovelling below nature, and not a struggle with it; a wallowing in the ditches of creation, from which one's works rise repulsive and debased.

No. 61 in our National Gallery, by Claude, and called a small landscape with figures, is a perfect instance of the simple. In figure No. 23, in the same collection, by Coreggio (Antonio Allegri), putting aside the title of the picture, would be a most consummate instance of the simple. Many of Wilson's finest pictures are to be attributed to this style; though the two large ones in this gallery are of a different and higher order, particularly that known as 'The Niobe.' The head of 'A Laughing Girl,' in the Dulwich Gallery, by Murillo, presents another fine instance.

Between the simple and the beautiful, as styles, there exists a broad line of demarcation; and though the first addresses itself to, and wins the suffrage of, the greater number of tastes, the production of the latter has been, and perhaps ever will be, considered by many the greatest triumph of Art.

Amongst the ancients, and of whose works the least perishable—those of sculpture—have only descended to us in any thing like a perfect state, this style would seem to have been almost exclusively attempted: with the occasionally grand their limits are marked. The sublimities are conjectural, and raised only under the incessant patter of the critics, to whom we have bowed consent without feeling conviction, for quietness' sake only. The grandest head of the ancients veils itself before the intensity of gaze and omnipotent expression of 'The Logos' of Da Vinci.

Perfect structural form, mental capacity, and high moral expression, seem to mark the constituents of the beautiful in Fine Art.

Sentiment varying between the tranquil and gay, within a lower scale of naturalness, constitutes the simple.

Power and passion support the sublime.

Claude, amongst deceased landscape-painters, claims more than any other the power of creating the beautiful. It is the great essential of his style. Most of even his worst works have in them something of this fine feeling. He would appear to have been impressed with that state of nature alone which constitutes it, and only to have missed it in his early pictures, or his unfortunate or overcast moments. He never touched upon the verge of the vulgar; descended merely as an amusement to the simple; and never by any accident or even struggle reached the grand. Whenever the term "grand landscape," or "sublime landscape by Claude," occurs in Fine-Art writers, one may feel assured that it refers to a large picture, or that it is a piece of the twenty-X style of writing, or both one and the other.

The utmost degree of richness and fulness of harmony in colour, composition, and chiaroscuro, are compatible with, though they do not necessarily constitute of themselves, the beautiful. It is easily conceivable that they would interrupt the production of the simple, and weaken the grand and sublime.

It is that perfectly full, sustained, and beautiful harmony in colour—that picturesqueness and flowing character in the general composition—that bland light and shade, and a too elegant intention in the design of the single figures—all contributing to, and of right belonging to, the beautiful, which prevents so many of the extraordinary

productions of Rubens from reaching the grand. There is in them too little of weight and sedateness for the grand, and too much of the gorgeous for the simple. It may be said of most of them, in addition, that their beauty becomes equivocal from their grossness.

Estimating them by their colour alone, against which nearly every other quality is at war, they may be said to vie with, if not to transcend, every thing ever thrown by genius before the throne of Art.

To the pictures of Murillo, where the subjects demand a style of grandeur or sublimity, much of the same objections equally applies. His colouring in them is mostly beautiful; and his characters peasant-like, and would have better suited the low-simple. Whenever grandeur is at all successfully attempted, it is by merely increasing the darks; in which instances—unlike those by Rembrandt—his otherwise beautiful colour becomes deteriorated.

The picture No. 13 in the National Gallery, is a melancholy instance of the first position; and No. 176, 'St. John,' of the last.

Some of Cuyp's best works may be cited as successful instances of the low beautiful, as Claude's have been of the high, though we have none in public to refer to.

If there is a broad line of demarcation between the simple and the beautiful, there is a still broader one between the beautiful and sublime.

It would appear that in Art, as in the physical world, the greatest heights are attainable only through the form of the cone; and that not only are there few amongst us so constituted as to be able to reach the greatest elevations, but that at such altitudes there is room but for the few.

Had Da Vinci endured he might perhaps have occupied that enviable point alone; as it is, he shares it with but few, and, unchallenged, sustains his position by fewer works than any of his fellows.

His one picture, which in the whole world of Art stands peerless, has been already mentioned, and fortunately remains in our own country. And it is to be fervently hoped will ultimately form the sun of our National Gallery.

It is unfortunate for those whose aspirations are for high Art, that there are in our public galleries so few works which reach the grand; and none which enable one to realize those sublime emotions held by the language of criticism to be the power of the finest works on the Continent.

The one, perhaps, possessing the greatest pretensions, is No 1 of the National Gallery, 'The Resurrection of Lazarus,' by Sebastiano del Piombo. The authorized catalogue says, "The composition of this grand picture was entirely the work of Buonarotti, and the execution of the figure of Lazarus rejects the claim of every other hand." It is, notwithstanding, most deferentially suggested, that the one quality contributing more than any other to the grand style in this picture is the colour; and that the greater part of the composition is confused: the principal personage, that of Christ, if not inadequately conceived, poorly carried out, coarse in features and expression, and unideal and unimpressive in form, stature, and the minor parts of its drawing. The figure of Lazarus, upon which so much of the importance of this picture has been based, is a miserable piece of disproportion, with a head scarcely large enough for an ornament to its body, and arms not much larger than fins, had the figure been a fish instead of a man. The invention throughout the picture is poor, if not commonplace, and consisting of some really fine conversational heads, a little holding of noses, and the attempt of Lazarus to disengage with the great toe of one foot the bandages which wrap the other, are altogether not quite in subordination to the particular incident which forms the subject, and in which should be made to concentrate the interest of the picture.

By-play of this description may be not only admissible but requisite in a large composition, when made completely secondary to a well-sustained principal interest; but when a picture boasts nothing more forcible than that which in a powerful work might stand for by-play, it must or should cease to be considered a first-rate work. A little of this by-play does very well in pictures, as well as in conversation; but what would be thought of a visitor, or a lecturer—for a painting bears a greater analogy to the last—who, upon entering your room, should, without saying a word, point over his left shoulder, then put the

thumb to his nose, and, taking a seat by the fire, motion you to silence?

Grand style in landscape results from the same causes which produced it in the other walks—the exhibition of its passion, or those states of nature which, upon contemplating, raises high emotion in the human mind.

Nichola Poussin appears to be the prime master of this style. His 'Phocion' in the Natural Gallery is a fine instance of it. Some few of Gaspar Poussin's works rise to it; and those of Salvator's, though but seldom.

The more than contemplated and admissible length to which this essay has run compels the termination of it, with very much left unsaid which is necessary to the subject. The order of precedence of the different styles shall end it; as they exist, in consequence, appreciation, and actual utility. It will be readily felt that, between the three great generic and distinctive styles others naturally fall in, and that each is again modified by being either coarse or refined.

Refined.	SUBLIME. Grand. BEAUTIFUL. Characteristic. SIMPLE.	Coarse.
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#### THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

**BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.**—This Exhibition, as we have intimated, is highly satisfactory. It supplies further evidence of the ability of artists to manage their own affairs; and is proof that their efforts in the provinces will obtain supporters in the metropolis. The value of our provincial Schools of Art will be best ascertained by a personal inquiry into the progress made, and making, by provincial *élèves*: we have, therefore, made it our especial business to visit the provincial Exhibitions, with a view to supply information as to the merits of artists educated in this School of the midland counties; not, however, to the entire exclusion of such masters as have adopted the facilities offered by the metropolis. From such an inquiry it will be found, if the impressions left on our mind be correct, that the provincial Schools are valuable nurseries of national talent, and, as such, deserving the protection and encouragement of our Legislature, which has at length busied itself in the application of Art direct to the embellishment and improvement of manufactures. The ulterior influence of Art on human sentiment and on national manners is the *higher* object at which the patronage of the great and wealthy aims; but its immediate and practical application to the embellishment of works of industrial art is, perhaps, the most influential means through which this higher end is attainable. It is by this means the *public* mind becomes familiarized with the pleasures derivable through the organ of vision; it is by this means the fleeting gratifications resulting from the indulgence of brute sense give place to the lasting sentiments left on the mind by the visual contemplation of beautiful in form and colour; it is by this means, too, amongst other provisions for its permanence, that the employment of our operative populations will be best secured, our commerce enlarged, our international influence extended, our revenue augmented, and genius, hitherto the slave of commerce, be acknowledged her presiding spirit, as well as the colleague of philosophy.

The Birmingham Exhibition of this year does not, perhaps, contain so many brilliant works of the highest class of English Art as did that of the last year, owing probably to the very large sum of money expended by the Art-Union of London in the metropolitan galleries; be this as it may, we were much gratified by a general glance round the suite of rooms, which is spacious, and filled to the extreme height at which works of Art are visible, and above which it is inexpedient to fill them.

We observed amongst the works of London contributors those of Poole; MacLise, R.A.; Etty, R.A.; Pyne; Leslie, R.A.; Rothwell, Goodall, Woolmer; Stanfield, R.A.; Frith; Witherington, R.A.; Roberts, R.A.; O'Neil, Rippingille, Harslone, Room, Hill; Hollins, A.R.A.; Hart, R.A.; Creswick, A.R.A.; Cooper, R.A.; Chalon, R.A., &c., the exhibition of whose works in the provinces is of high importance towards the improve-

ment of provincial Art, of the students in the Schools of Design, and of those artisans employed at present in the decoration of manufactures. Amongst the most distinguished provincial names, those of Henshaw, Cox, Ward, Mason, Harris, Anthony, Radclyffe, &c., and of P. Hollins, the eminent sculptor, arrested our attention, and whose works are calculated to give interest to our central collections.

No. 11. 'The Stream of Pleasure,' J. TENNANT. This picture will be remembered as in the collection of the British Artists. Seeing it here, we were fully satisfied that in its production the excellent artist made a mistake. In the simple seeking of nature Mr. Tennant is always successful. His views of Thame speak to the recollection and to the heart; and herein is the true poetry of the pencil. For such an artist to struggle for attention, amidst the blaze of a modern gallery, is a mere abandonment of confidence in his own truth, and the adoption of a vulgar charlatanry that can dazzle only the vulgar.

No. 17. 'The New Ballad,' T. SIDNEY COOPER. A maiden—we suppose a milkmaid or maiden—reading a new ballad amongst her mute attendants, cows and sheep: these latter are in Mr. Cooper's usual masterly manner. The sheep especially are of a fleecy truth, the attainment of which, in imitative art, seems incomprehensible. It is to be regretted that he does not hold the same mastery over landscape. The ancient mode of associating the powers of artists eminent in two branches of Art was not adopted without good reason; nevertheless the cattle of Mr. Cooper can never die, but will be folded with those of Paul Potter, Cuyp, and others, *laqueatis in tectis*.

No. 22. 'View from the Abbey Fields, Kenilworth,' LINES, sen. A landscape of a good class—thoroughly English in character and treatment.

No. 28. 'Interior of a Poacher's Cottage near Aberglaslyn, North Wales,' G. MASON. This is one of the few works of its kind that is free from any approximation to vulgarity: the game in the foreground is arranged with a feeling true both to nature and art, and finely painted. Nets, snares, and other instruments of the ungentle craft, hang from the walls, or strew the floor of the rude apartment, at the farther end of which a poacher, faithful to his character, is seen leaning on his gun, and solving the problem of the flagon. By his side stands a pretty girl, who seems to regret the death of the bird she holds in her hand. The larcher is painted with exceeding skill. It is an excellent picture, and highly creditable as a result of the Birmingham school.

No. 42. 'A By Road,' H. H. LINES. Very true to nature; a well-selected subject, considered and treated with care and ability.

No. 46. 'On the Cornish Coast,' T. CRESWICK, A.R.A. The scene has impressed the artist with lofty and solemn emotions, which it imparts to all who look upon it. It is admirably drawn and exquisitely finished, and, above all, is radiant of poetical and exalted feeling.

No. 49 and 50. 'Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert,' JOHN PARTRIDGE. In the prime of life, health, and beauty. These royal portraits occupy the centre of the gallery, and attract general attention. Mr. Partridge is a native, we understand, of Birmingham; and it must be a source of honourable pride to him thus to have presented to the admiration of his fellow-townsmen the portraits of their natural and adopted Sovereigns.

No. 51. 'Salmon Trap on the Lleder, North Wales,' W. MÜLLER. A work of high genius—one of the ablest productions of the English school. In the treatment of landscapes Mr. Müller may be, as he is said to be, "peculiar;" but he is faithful to nature and true to art.

No. 58. 'The Origin of the Harp,' D. MACLISE, R.A. A pure conception of the poet's verses; a work, however, concerning which there are two opinions.

No. 60. 'Ruins of Kirkoswald,' W. J. BLACKLOCK. A landscape of much good promise.

No. 61. 'Landscape and Ruins of Wenlock Abbey,' H. HARRIS. This view of Wenlock Abbey and the surrounding scenery is painted with great truth and feeling. The fine old pile, that brings to our recollection the page of English romance and feudalism consigned to the keeping of history, is washed with the fresh and odorous light of morning, and rises from a *val-ombra* that ob-

cupies the middle ground of the picture: this site of the abbey confirming our opinion of the almost sensual taste of the good friars for the charms of landscape and for generous glebe. The distance is a wide and fertile plain that mingles with the horizon. A living interest is given to the foreground by a drove of cattle; some aged oaks, coeval with the abbey, and, like it, shattered by the unsparing hand of time, spread their wide relief over the distant scenery. A cool tone pervades the picture; the handling in broad, and profuse of rare imaginings. Mr. Harris is a native and resident of Birmingham.

No. 86. 'Solomon Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance during the Plague of the year 1665,' P. F. POOLE. The public are already too well acquainted with this masterly production to require a laboured notice on its peculiar merits: it is the great attraction of all, and especially of those who are studious of the means of high Art. The portraiture of human passion, as conveyed by attitude and facial expression; the actual influence of colour on human sympathies; the power of subject over our sensibilities; the aggregation, without confusion, of deep interests; breadth and effect of tone and chiaroscuro, are all subordinated to the great object of high Art—the classic illustration of an epoch of memorable notoriety. Nevertheless, we shall always regret that Mr. Poole did not select a subject that should have more markedly contrasted with the one exhibited the year previous; and trust we will not again incur the danger of self-repetition.

No. 91. 'Distant View of Windsor Castle,' F. H. HENSHAW. A very powerful picture, which necessarily associates the master with the recollection of Wilson and Constable. The subject, though varied by "field and fell," is single and entire, and all the details that embellish it are tributary to its importance. The castle—the residence of our Sovereigns from William the Norman downwards—is seen in the middle distance from under the arms of stately trees that scatter the sunlight and their own shadows on the mossy foreground, and on the road which meanders through a varied and fertile plain towards the imperial palace. The handling is bold and original; the indications strongly suggesting the realities; colour fresh and summerlit: the whole summoning the history of an energetic people, and the influence it has attained in the affairs of mankind. Mr. Henshaw is a native and resident of Birmingham; a pupil and proficient of the midland counties.

No. 100. 'Happy as a King,' T. CLATER. The simple portrait of an Italian boy, with his hurdy-gurdy, but eloquent of natural truth.

No. 103. 'The Keeper's Companions,' A. H. CORBOULD. Dog, horse, and gun; painted with considerable skill and power.

No. 109. 'May-day in the last Century,' H. M. ANTHONY. This is a very refreshing picture. Mr. Anthony views objects through a new idiosyncrasy, is a man of close observation, feels colour with an unusual sensibility, is original in his mode of handling, and presents scenes with which we have been long acquainted under a novel and fascinating guise. The subject, though trite, is therefore given in all the freshness and vigour of originality. The masses of shadow are broad and entire, keeping the groups of objects together, and contributing to the general concentration of light on the principal persons of the drama.

No. 129. 'Caer Cennin Castle, South Wales,' D. COX. A remarkably vigorous work, in which force is happily blended with delicacy.

No. 133. 'Fruit,' J. C. WARD. The portraiture of these gifts of Pomona may not rank amongst the intentions of high Art, but it possesses the charm of engaging the purest sensibilities of an imperative sense. The spiritual perfection in which Mr. Ward has clothed it shows complete mastery over the materials and intentions of Art. The "several sorts" of fruit are so many reflections of realities, in which deception is nearly complete.

No. 143. 'Hoar Frost,' H. H. H. HORSELEY. There is a fairy semblance in a hoar frost well deserving the attention of Art. Left of the emerald jewellery of summer, nature lies wrapt in a shroud of virgin white, and bespangled in the glittering radiance of diamond wreaths. The subject chosen by Mr. Horseley is a frozen lake, bordered by a road, on the track of which farm-houses and cot-

tages are half seen through the almost impervious haze of winter. The general tone is given by the sub-yellow radiance of a declining sun diffused athwart the frigid and stagnant atmosphere. Sportmen, groups of skaters, and shivering spectators, give reality to season. The whole is admirably kept together, and the illusions of winter are kept up by a dense aerial perspective. Mr. Horseley is a Birmingham artist, and the work before us is evidence of the care and attention with which he has studied from the book of nature.

In the Water-colour Room there are many works of high merit; the greater number of them, however, are "familiar friends." Here are E. Corbould's 'Departure of the Britons,' Wehnert's 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' Jenkins's 'Enlisted,' &c. &c. Among them, however, are some productions by native artists; of considerable merit, as exhibiting promise of excellence hereafter, are three or four drawings by A. E. Everett, chiefly interiors of old English mansions. An interior of Castle Bromwich (No. 172) is especially good.

No. 311. 'Water Carriers at Tortona,' R. DADD. This is, no doubt, one of the pictures produced by the unhappy artist soon after his return to England. It exhibits talent in design, and good conception of character; but it could never have been considered as an advance on earlier works. The colouring is crude and cold; and there is evidence of want of vigour in the whole production.

No. 337. 'Thames Recollections,' J. B. PYNE. If we are rightly informed, Mr. Pyne's genius was cradled in Bristol, and he owes much to the early contemplation of Mr. Miles's collection for that true spirit of Art that marks his works for his own. This picture is well called a "recollection": it is, indeed, a lively recollection, aided by a creative imagination, of all that most interests an Englishman on the banks of the Thames. Sobbyng, fleeting streamers, or sulking in silence on the waters; long lines of glittering wharfs, with their mantling warehouses; groves of dark masts piercing the thick air, and pricking the thinner skies; columns, spires, turrets, the Tower, St. Paul's: these are the subjects of these "recollections"—objects which every body recollects, but none but Mr. Pyne could so recollect as to draw, to colour, to group, to invest them in the dusky air of London as he has done; and why? He has embellished them with the drapery of mind, has grouped them under the impulse of imagination, has arranged them under the injunctions of Art, and accorded them to the key of poesy. Light, colour, form—the elements of his art—he has subjected to the control of a creative fancy, and directed each where and how it will produce the most fascinating impression on the eye and the mind of the spectator, and where, and how, though a part, it will be productive of the most lustrous portion of the great picture presented to the eye by nature, "hac arte fretus," Apelles. This is the secret of the highest class of painting. A careful study of the forms presented by nature; a scientific consideration of the element of light, of the organ of vision, of the science of optics, and of the relations of colour: these are the materials of a painter's mind, and these—as a sorcerer cites at will the spirits de profundis to invigorate his incantations—the mind of the artist compels to embellish the subjects of his pencil. And no man of the present day has exercised so spiritual a mastery over these materials as Mr. Pyne: his control is magical over form, light, and colour—the jins and peris of his fairy tales.

No. 358. 'The Master of Ravenswood on the Evening before the Contemplated Duel'—'Bride of Lammermoor,' J. J. HILL. This portrait—for a portrait it is, though of pictorial creation—well conveys the sentiment communicated by the "Great Unknown" to this hero of his fancy. The brooding and spiritual laird is presented to us under all the power in chiaroscuro (and more than his power in colour) of Velasquez. The head, and especially the hands, tell the chivalrous and moody spirit within him: it reminds us, too, strongly of the works of Rembrandt, and far excels every effort of the kind in the collection. Yet there seems to have been no effort on the part of the artist to capture the admiration of the spectator by unusual attitude or feature: repose is the characteristic of the work; which exhibits the greater strength of conception, and the more cultivated feeling for Art in the master. He is of the Birmingham school, though a resident of London; and

Birmingham will plume herself on his works sooner or later, we hope sooner, for too many distinguished geniuses have first died and been admired later.

No. 360. 'Marble Bust of George Barker, Esq., F.R.S.,' P. HOLLINS. Intended to be placed in the board-room of the General Hospital, being part of a public testimonial to commemorate his services to that Institution and to the town of Birmingham. On entering what is called the Middle-room, the first object that fixes our attention is this very quiet and classic bust by Mr. Hollins. We do not know Mr. Barker, but, if this bust be a truthful likeness, he furnishes a good modern example of the Voltaire style of physiognomy. The carriage and bearing of the figure are calm and composed; and, on more careful examination, we are surprised to find ourselves captivated, and even enthralled, by a whole, the parts of which seem studiously finished to avoid rather than to encourage observance. The artist has consulted the models of antiquity, and has communicated to his work grace and force, with repose and ease, the combination which constitutes perfection in the Art of sculpture, and will keep this work and the master in the estimation of posterity. If Mr. Hollins had not already deserved well of his native town by other distinguished works in sculpture, and by his activity and zeal in the establishment and maintenance of a Midland School of Art, this work alone would have associated his name with the recollections of Florence and of Birmingham.

No. 375. 'Sketch for a Fresco,' E. V. RIPPINGILLE. The subject is that which Mr. Rippingille selected for his fresco essay in Westminster-hall. The picture is of rare beauty; the theme "tells" here admirably, and it is painted with skill and judgment. The work is one of the gems of the collection.

No. 394. 'Interior of a Welsh Cottage,' F. GOODALL. This, and its companion, another interior, will be classed among the favourites of the Exhibition. They are graceful and beautiful works, full of the freshest and most natural feelings; small pictures, but of high value.

No. 398. 'Tranquillity—Evening,' T. S. COOPER. A charming cabinet example of this excellent artist.

We have passed over a very large number of works of high merit, only because, having been exhibited in London, they have been already subjected to criticism, and we cannot find space to notice them again. Such are Rippingille's 'Children of Sonnino,' Clater's 'Bride,' Wetherington's 'Stepping Stone,' Stark's 'Timber-cutting,' Woolmer's 'Castle of Indolence,' Leslie's 'Scenes from "Comus,'" Firth's 'Squire Describing a Town Life,' Roberts's 'Temple on the Island of Philos,' E. M. Cooke's 'Vessels on the Thames at Erith,' Hollins's 'Tasso Reciting to Leonore,' Zeitzer's 'Danube Boat,'—these, added to new contributions, render the Exhibition highly attractive. We trust a note to this report will show that it has been estimated by the wealthy magnates of Birmingham.

**MANCHESTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—Preparations are afoot for receiving pictures for exhibition in this valuable Institution, which is to be opened to the public during the months of January, February, and March. The works exhibited will consist of specimens in natural history, machinery, manufactures, antiquities, &c.; and on the spacious and well-lit walls it is designed to hang the productions of such British artists as are willing to contribute them. The object, of course, is to dispose of, as well as to show, the contents of the rooms; last year, when a similar experiment was made, it was eminently successful, having been visited by nearly 300,000 persons. We recommend to such artists as have pictures they can conveniently spare, to send them to this Institution (Mr. Green is engaged to pack and forward them free of expense); they will thus benefit a most useful Society, and extend their own reputation,—while, perhaps, advantageously disposing of their works. Communications may be made with Mr. Henry Day, Hon. Sec. of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, Manchester.

## THE ANNUALS.

SOME four-and-twenty years have passed since this exotic was first planted in England; whether it will flourish for another quarter of a century is at least a question. Gradually they have been going out of life; and those that yet endure are giving tokens of decay. They have been pleasant things in their time, and not without their "utilities;" and if we go back a few years we shall find them really aids both to Art and Literature,—a character they have since lost. Among their exotic contributors were nearly all the leading "wits" of the age; while the pictures engraved as their illustrations were in very many instances the best productions of the day. It was foretold of them that they would create a larger number of fine engravers in a small way (the words may be taken with either meaning) than was needed. That prophecy has been fulfilled: of reasonably good engravers there are now a score or two who can obtain little or no employment; while those who do engrave plates are willing to produce them for about a fourth of the sum they received in the palmy state of the tribe of annuals. Still, although less wanted now than they were formerly, these pretty and pleasant volumes would be as sorsly missed from our tables in November as mince pies at Christmas, and frosted cakes on Twelfth-day. We shall grieve over their memory when they are altogether gone. They would, we think, have vanished ere this but that Mr. Heath is a good caterer for them in the way of Art, and the Countess of Blessington has influence and interest enough to uphold their reputation as works of Literature. She again presents to us "The Book of Beauty" and "The Keepsake;" and these we are especially bound to notice.

## THE KEEPSAKE.

Among the literary contributors are Walter Savage Landor, Disraeli the younger; the accomplished Editor, Mrs. S. C. Hall; Miss C. Toulmin, a few ladies and gentlemen "of title," and a couple of authors, who, being of France, write in French: this is a novelty at all events, but one the judgment of which we take leave to question. The prints are all of a good order; and some of them are of considerable excellence. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Viscountess Jocelyn, by Leslie—a very charming work; 'The Island Bride' is a graceful and effective production of the pencil of Edward Corbould; the 'Fair Client' is a capital transcript of character by F. P. Stephanoff; a work of very deep interest is 'The Room of Lord Byron,' pictured by Lake Price (admirably engraved by Willmore), and as admirably illustrated by Lady Blessington; a most agreeable composition is 'The Gondola by Moonlight,' by M. Cotteau; 'The Rendezvous' is a work of considerable merit—also by a French artist (M. Louis David); and a most graceful portrait is that of 'The Heiress,' after John Hayter, which closes the book. Altogether, "The Keepsake," although not what it once was, is an agreeable and elegant volume, full of pleasant and profitable matters; and surely a worthy gift from friend to friend.

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

This volume is much less to our taste. The literary contents are not, with two or three exceptions, as good as those of "The Keepsake;" while the engraved "beauties" are introduced as if to show how completely the term may be misapplied. Out of the dozen there may be two who are not positively ugly; one there, at least, is—the Marchioness of Douro—although her features are "frightfully" stern and unwomanly, as represented by Mr. Swinton; but, after passing the opening page, we look in vain for another face that one would like to look upon and love. The young Countess of Craven must be our sole exception; all the rest seem painted to dispel the tender passion from the buyer of the book. Some of the dames aristocratic are literally odious; and the 'Crazy Kate' whom Mr. Chalon has pictured, though not personally ugly, has been made repulsive by the artist. It may possibly answer the purpose of the publisher to have, painted, engraved, and published, a series of portraits of ladies who have large family connexions; but, as far as the patronage of the public is concerned, that is completely set at nought. The names of some of "the beauties" here pictured are known; but some others are without even thin very slender recommendation. Who the "beauty" last but one

in "the Book" may be we know not: we presume there was some reason for her appearance here; it would be hard for the uninitiated to guess why.

## THE HISTORICAL ANNUAL.

This is, in truth, a very charming volume. It contains a series of admirable prints, illustrative of the Civil War, drawn by Geo. Cattermole, and, for the most part, capably engraved. The subjects are very varied, and exhibit with powerful effect the several reverses of "The Royal Martyr," of the whole history of whose struggle with the Parliament, ending with his death, this book is a record. It is written by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, the artist's brother; he has given to the facts of the eventful period the interest and charm of romance.

## THE FORGET ME NOT.

Our ancient friend appears again before us, and is welcome. This book has ever been a credit to its editor and publishers; for, inasmuch as it never advanced any strong pretensions to high importance as a work of Art, it has never manifested any falling off. It is now a nice, kindly, pleasant, and useful book—as good as it was a quarter of a century ago, when it was first published. This is saying much for it; for it is the only annual of which so much can be said with truth. The literary contents are of considerable merit; and the examples of Art are by no means below mediocrity.

## FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

Although the whole of the works of Art contained in this volume are familiar friends—no one of them, we believe, being here introduced to us for the first time—they are so good and there are so many of them that the book cannot fail to prove a most desirable acquisition. It would be easy to select half-a-dozen of the prints that would be well worth the price of the whole of the six-and-thirty that make up the volume—in addition to which there are some sixty or seventy pages of pleasant poetry, bound in an elegant and rather substantial cover. The book is entitled to the strongest recommendation we can give it.

## THE JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.

This, also, is a *réchauffé*; but one for which we cannot say so much: the prints have not been selected with sufficient care to the wants and wishes of childhood. This, indeed, the fair editor—Mrs. Ellis—assumes to have been her object; but she has certainly missed the right method. For example, the frontispiece, which pictures that passage in the novel of "Woodstock" where Wildrake sees Cromwell contemplating the portrait of Charles I. The stories and poems are written with much ability, and have a high purpose in view.

## THE GIFT.

This is an importation from America; it is by no means of an inferior order; indeed it may, in some respects, vie with the best of the annuals of the old world. Neither in Literature nor in Art is it far behind the most prosperous of our European publications. The tales and poems, indeed, have a degree of vigour and freshness about them which our annuals lack; the writers appear to have done their utmost, and have not been hackneyed into insipid styles. Many of the subjects, too, have the strong recommendation of novelty: they treat of savage life and character, and the wild scenery where nature has been left entirely to herself. It is long since we have read a story so vigorously touching and deeply interesting as "The Giant's Coffin." The engravings, too, are "wholesome;" the work is not refined or elaborate, but it is sound and good; while the subjects—without being exclusively national—are just such as they ought to be in an "American Annual."

## GIFTS FOR THE VERY YOUNG.

Messrs. Darton and Clark have published several admirably-written and excellently-illustrated books, designed for young children. Care has been taken that, while the lessons conveyed are those which tend only to good, the illustrations shall be such as infer no risk of taste being impaired or misdirected. We have seldom seen books so well calculated to effect a high and important purpose—that purpose being to lay a foundation, upon the security of which all the benefits of the after-structure must entirely depend.

We have thus afforded to "the Annuals" all the space we can afford; it is not much, but much is not needed: for by those who favour them they are now looked for as regularly as the other items of "Christmas fare."

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

GERMANY.—The "Kunstblatt" accompanies a sketch of the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington at the New Royal Exchange, by the following observations:—"The likeness of the head must be acknowledged as sufficient. The artist who was intrusted with the execution of the work in February, 1830, died after the completion of the model; the whole was finished under the superintendence of Mr. Weeks. In general, the public seem little satisfied with the testimonial, which does not materially distinguish itself from the equestrian statues already extant in London. They find the breast and shoulders of the horse too large; the head too much pointed; the neck too short, and the figure of the Duke of bad proportion, not to speak of the pedestal. To me the principal fault appears to lie in the conception of the whole—in the selection of the position and countenance of the horse and rider. It appears to be destitute of a complete representation on account of three contrasts which are not fully modified: a civic costume, consisting of a great coat and hunting cloak, cannot be without a hat; nor are the tricote trousers in harmony; much less so the roll of parchment and the stag-hanger, or the perfect rest of the horse, together with the 'setting-on' of the tail in a manner which appears to cause an action of the animal which by no means is allowed in sculpture. The casting is exquisitely and most accurately executed."

MUNICH.—M. Kaubach, the celebrated painter, has received an order from the King of Prussia for the execution of six large historical oil-paintings, representing the most remarkable events in the history of the world. The cartoons of the 'Fall of Babylon' are already completed, and much admired. It is reported that the King of Bavaria will order five grand historical paintings by the same artist, in the manner of his 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' for a gallery which is about to be erected on the Gasteiberg. The artist's grandest work, the 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' is, with the exception of the group of the 'Emigrating Christians,' nearest completion. In this magnificent composition, as well as in the 'Fall of Babylon,' scriptural tradition is closely attended to. In the latter work the separation of mankind into principal tribes, chiefly descending from Shem, Ham, and Japhet, is represented. M. Schwanthalier is about to enlarge his establishment, the old portion not being spacious enough for the execution of his numerous and stupendous works. Amongst these there are several of recent date.—1. A Nymph, ordered by the Prince Royal for his residence in Hohenenschwangau. 2. A Madonna-statue for St. Anne's. 3. The statues of Ottocar, King of Bohemia, of Ziska, and of John Hus, for a private Walhalla, in Bohemia. 4. For the Ruhmeshalle (Hall of Glory), erected by the King of Bavaria, several *basso-relievo* plates, in marble, with allegorical representations of the arts and sciences; further, the figures for the gable pediment. 5. Exquisite figures, representing Franconia, Suabia, the Palatinate, and Bavaria: the first and second in models. 6. A statue, representing the Danube, ordered by the Prince von Schwarzenberg. 7. An eleven feet high statue of Kreitmaier, the late celebrated author of the penal code of Bavaria. 8. Another of Albert V., the founder of the State Library (executed in marble, and to be placed in the State Library). 9. The colossal bust of Jean Paul Richter, for Wunsiedel, the birthplace of the illustrious poet. 10. The monument of the late Grand Duke of Baden, for Carlsruhe, to be inaugurated on the 22nd of November. M. Stieler has just completed his splendid portrait of the Queen of Prussia, in full length; another of the King of Prussia is in progress.

FRANKFORT-UPON-THE-MAIN.—On the 22nd of October took place the inauguration of Schwanthalier's splendid colossal statue of Goethe, cast by the late M. Stiglmaier, of Munich; the ceremony exhibited more show than real enthusiasm. The poet is represented in a powerful, vigorous figure, in the advanced period of manhood; the whole frame and countenance extremely like and expressive. The body is covered by a cloak, which allows to appear of modern dress only so much as is necessary for the harmony of the whole. The statue is reclining against the ivy-mantled trunk of an oak, the right hand holding a laurel-wreath (for what purpose is not known), the left a roll of

parchment. The representation—superior to those of Schiller and Gutenberg, by Thorwaldsen—bears the character of active contemplation. The pedestal is adorned with beautiful and tastefully arranged reliefs, the subjects of which are chiefly taken from the works of the immortal poet. In the front—the figure of Science, reclining on a cippus; at the right hand—Lyrical Poetry; then Dramatic Poetry, with the tragic mask and the staff of Comus. The cippus is ornamented with emblematical representations of the poet's scientific occupations: a prism, denoting optics; a skull, phrenology; a full flower, the researches on the metamorphosis of plants; Isis issuing from the waves, alluding to his views on the globe, rising from the element of Neptune; a tablet with the motto, "Antiquitati," alluding to his purposes of an antiquarian. The lateral reliefs represent, at the left, "Thos dismissing Orestes and Iphigenia from the Altar of Artemis to their Home," and a scene from "Faust"; at the right, several incidents from the poet's novels; on the back, a "Victoria holding a laurel and flower-wreath." Additional representations are taken from the poems. The whole can only come in competition with Rauch's splendid representation of the celebrated poet in a standing posture, with the hands crossed behind him. (A particular circumstance, which does much honour to M. Schwanthaler, must not be omitted. The celebrated sculptor had received from the City Council of Frankfort a present of 5000 florins, 2000 of which he sent back to be distributed amongst the poor of the city, and the remainder amongst the workmen of his atelier.

ALTONA.—An "Art-Union" has been established in this city. The first exhibition of modern paintings was more remarkable for number than merit. The best painting was "Mary Queen of Scots on her way to the Scaffold," by W. Volckhardt, of Düsseldorf.

SONNENBERG (SAXONY).—A parochial church in old German-Gothic style, has just been completed by M. Heideloff, the celebrated Nuremberg Gothic architect. The fabric is of fair proportions, and of choicer ornaments, chiefly between the two towers, each 165 feet high, and on the portal. The nave is 145 feet long by 60 feet broad; the choir 34 feet broad; the middle nave, up to the close of the vault, has two squares of the base breadth in height—the square being the standard measure of all the principal dimensions. This church is one of the finest specimens of modern church architecture in Germany.

KELHEIM (Bavaria).—The ground structure of the Befreiungshalle (Deliverance Hall), erected by order of the King of Bavaria, on Mount Michael, after M. Von Gaertner's plan, has just been completed. The whole building will become a rotund of ancient Italian style, surmounted by a cupola, and surrounded with a grand archway forming a polygon of 18 angles. The entire structure rests on a base of three great divisions, together 24 feet high. A gorgeous window, 25 feet in diameter, will admit the light through the cupola into the interior, this being a spherical large room with 18 columns, each 4 feet thick, and 24 feet high. At the base of each of these columns a Victoria, of white Carrara marble, will be placed, the statues holding brass tables with the names of the victories and the respective commanders. The vaults of the interior gallery are to be adorned with trophies and allegorical representations; the walls coated with dark marble, a mosaic marble floor, and the richly ornamented cupola vault, complete the magnificence of the interior ornaments. The diameter of the building is 236 feet, the span of the cupola 100 feet; the height of the whole 178 feet.

BERLIN, Oct. 15.—This day being the birthday of the King, the inauguration of the frescoes in the Portico of the New Museum took place. They attract general attention, and are unquestionably the most beautiful and perfect specimens of this branch of the Fine Arts in modern time. They form the first series of the late M. Schinkel's plans, representing Hesiod's "Opera et Dies; or, the Progress to the Realms of Light;" executed by Hermann Egers and others, eminent painters and pupils of Cornelius, under the inspection and arrangement of the latter. These frescoes, on the whole—several are of less eminence—exhibit all that Art or the ideas of German philosophy could suggest; the ideas of mythology and real life are almost exhausted in what they contain of the beautiful. The first fresco, on a side wall of the

portico, represents Uranus, in contemplation on the fate of the world, surrounded by the eternal constellations, which, in the shape of youthful male and female genii, encircle him. This idea is, as it were, the offspring of German philosophy; the execution wholly in the classic, ancient style. The following pieces represent the history of the creation of Art: "The Triumph of Apollo," "The God of Light and Beauty." A second series will represent the struggle in securing the acquisition of the celestial element. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains the following sketch of the chief subject of the first series:—"First we perceive Saturn receding and leaving his empire to Jove. The appearance of the former god is represented in a mysterious lustre. The terrified old god, surrounded by dragons and envenomed snakes, withdraws slowly and in utmost horror; while the exuberant form of Jove steps forth, and, with a look of command, takes possession of heaven and earth; this act is accompanied by a struggle between the old power of Night and the new power of Day: the mantle of darkness still resting on the creation, and the vanquished authority of Saturn, in spectre-like form, still striding over the earth. Selene, followed by the Discourses—a magnificent group—traces the azure paths. Meanwhile, the work of creation goes on. Covered by the veil of night, the powers of nature spring into existence, and, in slow progress, finally evolve a full display of reality. Chaos, in the shape of a beautiful and matron-like woman, is vigorously endeavouring to retain the escaping spirits, commanding them to sleep and dream in the dark and sequestered confinement of Light, Shape, and Life; but Matter is vanquished by the power of Life and Spirit. Light stands at the portal, calling Matter into life. One of the most beautiful incidents in this rich portion of the representation is the moment of the awaking Elements, which lie in the arms of the deities of Sleep, who endeavour to prevent the general awaking. The delicate, soft bodies appear to be inspired with the breath of awaking life, slowly opening their oppressed and searching eyes. The deities succeed in steeping again the senses of several others in sleep and forgetfulness; but most of them are too much attracted by Beauty, and acted upon by a longing desire to remain; they hasten towards Light, and their progress is represented with unparalleled poetical harmony." This central group is the most perfect; several figures may compete with what the fancy of any artist of ancient or modern times has ever invented.

The exhibition of modern paintings has been distinguished by a piece of Hübner ("The Silesian Weavers"), and one of the most beautiful creations of M. Lessing, the celebrated historical painter. It is the representation of the Emperor Henry V., who, excommunicated by Pope Paschal, seeks a shelter against an approaching storm in a convent. He is accompanied by his knights, and in great haste to get admittance; but the abbot, followed by his monks, denies it. The artist had, for this scenery, a full display of his skill as a landscape and historical painter; he has, in both respects, wonderfully succeeded in producing a masterpiece, which is undoubtedly superior to all his former works. It is a grand composition, representing a vast variety of expressions, chiefly in the actions and countenances of the knights, who burn to castigate the stubborn abbot and his sneering monks, but are detained by the suffering Emperor from avenging their master. Two pictures of a lady artist, Eliza Baumann, of Warsaw, residing, at present, in Düsseldorf,—the one representing a fugitive Polish woman, with her children; the other a Polish peasant, with his family on the rains of his cottage—are much admired. Amongst the first-rate specimens of the Exhibition of Industry of the Zollverein states, uniting the Fine Arts with industry, several cast-iron pieces meet the highest admiration. One represents an eagle of natural size, cast in the royal foundry; the other consists of groups of Amazons and warriors, together with two Victoria columns, each six feet high, after the models of Professor Rauch, executed in the Lauchhammer foundry. A medal has already been struck in commemoration of the Exhibition of Industry. It is an eminent piece of Art, representing, on one side, Germania, with the motto, "Seid einig" (be united). Professor Amsler has completed his exquisite engraving, representing the Göthe monument, after Schwanthaler's model.

FRANKFORT.—Baron Solomon von Rothschild has given orders for the construction of a splendid hall for the exhibition of the portraits of the most illustrious contemporaries. He has engaged Dr. Heus, an eminent Vienna artist, to paint the portraits of the most distinguished persons in Austria; several of these portraits—for instance, of Prince Metternich—are admirably done in the purest and most correct style of portrait-painting.

PRAGUE.—At a meeting of the Association of the German Architects, M. Stier, Professor of Berlin, made a very interesting speech on the principle of the style of German architecture. He came to the conclusion that it is the oblong cross-vault which forms the characteristic feature in German architecture, distinguishing it from the Roman style. This demonstration, illustrated by a great many most interesting sketches, was highly applauded by the scientific members of the meeting.

FRANCE.—PARIS.—The principal event that has occurred in connexion with the Arts is the opening of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul. Of all the churches of the capital, the site of this is the most commanding. Placed at the end of a very long street, on an eminence which commands a bird's-eye view of Paris, its appearance is extremely grandiose. The architect, M. Hittorf, has availed himself with great skill of this advantage. The disposition of the steps for foot passengers, surrounded by a circular road for carriages, is finely conceived. The body of the building is preceded by a porch, sustained by twelve columns of the Ionic order, emblematic of the twelve Apostles, who may well be supposed the pillars of the Christian Church. This porch is a souvenir of the *Narthex* of the ancient Basiliques, and will be surmounted by a pediment ornamented with statues, which are not yet finished. It forms a shelter to the principal and two side entries. Various statues, St. Vincent, &c., by Valois, Foyatier, Barre, Ramey, and Brian, and paintings by divers artists not yet named, will complete the whole. The interior of the building is much better calculated for worship than the generality of churches here, none of which are built comfortably as our English chapels, but aim at grandeur. Thus all the churches are paved with stone. In this the architect has made an innovation, and paved it with oak marqueterie. The grand altar, by Rosis, is much admired. In examining the interior sculptures of divers saints, one is startled by a gross flattery of the powers that are. In a line with St. Louis, St. Victor, &c., are portraits of all the Royal Family—Louis Philippe, Marie Emilie, Duke and Duchess of Orleans, Comte of Paris, Chartres, Nemours, Joinville, Aumale, Montpensier, Leopold and his Queen, &c. The manner in which public works are given to artists in France demands notice. The intrigues, servility, and meanness to which certain painters stoop are afflicting. Unlike our procedure in England, by public exhibition, all here is done underhand. Even the priest in his opening sermon could not refrain in the pulpit from recommending his favourites as only proper to the decoration of the dome and the other several parts of the church not yet finished. Those who have recourse to these base means are inferior artists, but, as all things here go by favour and intrigue, they often succeed.

The *Diorama* has just opened here with four new subjects of "The Deluge," by M. Bouton, in which the awful event is wonderfully represented; the different lights, pouring of rain, roaring of waves and wind, show surprising skill. The first scene represents the town of Enoch, with heavy buildings, such as may be supposed to exist in a primitive town; a few premature ruins seem to indicate a catastrophe; heavy clouds accumulate, the aspect changes, the sky gets fiery on all sides, the heavens pour forth their cataracts, the waters rise to swallow all up, darkness prevails over the earth, winds roar, waves boil, the inhabitants get on the highest rocks trying to escape; all is destroyed. Little by little the waters recede, light returns, the sun shows itself, nature becomes once more gay, the rainbow is seen in the heavens. This last part of the painting is wonderfully well managed, full of light and sun.

A French journal calls M. Marochetti a double Janus—French on the left, Italian on the right; English behind, and nothing at all in front.

M. Court has just finished his painting in the Church of St. Denis du St. Sacrement, and has set out for Rome.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS.  
GRAVES AND CO.

THE close of the year 1844 reminds us that we have to review the progress of, at least, one of our leading publishing houses—to review its productions of the year past, and consider its arrangements for the year to come. We would gladly go into this topic on broader and less exclusive grounds; but, inasmuch as the space at our command compels us, in a great measure, to limit our remarks to one establishment, we select for the purpose that of Messrs. Graves and Co., reserving others for more convenient occasions. From a list before us, as well as by reference to the various numbers of the *Art-Union*, we find that, independent of the volume containing the eastern drawings of Sir David Wilkie, and the series which gathers together the best examples of the genius of Lawrence, the most successful issues of this house have been prints from the pictures of Mr. Edwin Landseer, the principal of them being 'The Beaufort Dogs,' 'The Children with Rabbits,' 'The Stone-breaker,' and 'The Lassie Herding Sheep.' In the list for the "hereafter," too, we find the name of Mr. Landseer very prominent; it begins with the latest exhibited—'The Otter Hunt'—goes back to a very ancient favourite,—"The Cat's Paw"—taking in productions between those of recent and remote dates—'The Tethered Ram,' and 'Horses Drinking in a Courtyard'; the latter being likely to become a work of some moment, inasmuch as it is engraving by Mr. J. H. Watt. It is, consequently, sure to be a fine and valuable production of Art. We have, heretofore, said, and say again, however, that of these immortalized nothings we have had enough and to spare. From Mr. Landseer, the portrait-painter in ordinary to "the lower world"—the selector of subjects which genius cannot dignify, and no labour can render other than deplorable proofs of how much talent may be thrown away—we turn to themes the loftiest, to which the same master mind and hand can render ample and entire justice.\* We commence a brief review of the works of Messrs. Graves, now in course of publication, by commenting on this—the most acceptable gift of the season:—

'THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN.' Painted by E. Landseer, R.A. Engraved by S. Cousins.

This is truly a beautiful print—a *chef d'œuvre* of the best English engraver in mezzotint, who has evidently laboured with a full conviction that he was not only multiplying a noble work of Art, but that he was also supplying to the nation a "copy" of its Sovereign—by many degrees more interesting than either of the many that have been produced since her accession to the throne.

The prints which assume to picture her Majesty are indeed wonderful—in number; if it be a test of popularity to be seen in half the drawing-rooms or parlours of the kingdom, and to have been purchased at the cost of certainly not less than £250,000 of coined money, the Queen of England may be safely described as popular beyond any of her predecessors. Engravings of her Majesty, on paper, have been issued of all sorts and sizes, and at all prices,—to suit every class; among them there are but few with any pretensions to merit as works of Art; this, which bears the names of "E. Landseer and S. Cousins," is beyond all question the most excellent as well as the most agreeable. The subject has been so treated as to be interesting even apart from the high lady and the children here pictured: considered merely as the portrait of a young mother "at home with her babes," it possesses no slight degree of value; for

\* We calculate that, within the last four or five years, the public has expended little short of forty thousand pounds in purchasing prints of dogs, sheep, ducks, macaws, and so forth—engraved from the paintings of Mr. Edwin Landseer; and that, when things of the same class, now in progress, are published, the public will be expected to pay for them about twenty thousand pounds more. This is an evil far greater than at first sight it will appear to be. A sum of sixty thousand pounds expended in acquiring examples of Art that can in no degree inform or instruct will have necessarily induced the ill success of prints that might really educate and enlighten. We cannot blame the publishers for producing that which they know will be profitable: we can only lament that the public taste is not yet sufficiently elevated to appreciate productions of a far higher and better order. We have reason to know, however, that the publishers are beginning to perceive that of such matters the public have had quite enough.

the painter has made the heart a party to the touching scenes; and there are few who acknowledge the supremacy of Nature by whom the very charming print would not be received as an acquisition. Moreover, it advances very considerable claims to favour, treated solely as a work of Art. The group is happily placed, and auspiciously circumstanced; and matured judgment is manifested in the arrangement of the material—the principal design being, of course, to exhibit the features of the three persons with all the prominence possible. The action is simple and natural; there is no effort to do more than to picture a child, just beyond the period of infancy, playing with the locket that hangs round the mother's neck; a new-born babe sleeps tranquilly upon the lap; while the mother is looking tenderly, lovingly, and hopefully into the eyes of her firstborn. Above all, however, the print will be acceptable as the best likeness of the Queen: such, we believe, it is pronounced to be by those whose opinions must be beyond dispute; while equally strong are the resemblances of the two children—heirs of many hopes.

The occasional creation of works like this compels the feeling of deep regret that an artist who could commemorate great events, and perpetuate memories that should never be forgotten, squanders his genius upon unworthy themes, and dedicates his time to objects which can suggest no ennobling thoughts, and cherish no high faculties.

'HER MAJESTY'S MARRIAGE.' Painted by Sir George Hayter. Engraved by C. E. Wagstaff.

This print is a companion to that which represented "the Coronation"—the one painted by Sir George Hayter. Here, as there, the painter has had to contend with many embarrassing difficulties; and over most of them he has certainly triumphed. The scene is very admirably depicted; no fewer than fifty-six persons are exhibited; yet they are so skilfully grouped that no confusion is apparent, while the portraiture of each is distinctly recognised. It is, indeed, chiefly as a collection of deeply interesting portraits that the print is valuable: the likenesses are undeniably good; and it is this fact which gives to the work a degree of national importance, for a majority of the characters introduced into the picture are British worthies of the nineteenth century. Time will, ere long, diminish the number; it is, indeed, already lessened, for the uncle of the Queen and the father of the Prince have been removed by death since the marriage of the niece of the one and the son of the other. Such resemblances, therefore, as are here preserved will receive augmented worth from added years. Although of less historic interest than the assembled Peers—the Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, Wellington, Sutherland, Devonshire, Bedford, and some twenty other "men of mark"—the group of beautiful maidens which occupies the centre of the picture will not fail to attract all eyes. It consists of the twelve bridesmaids; forming an appropriate "background" to the young couple, who are about to give the solemn pledge they have since so truly and emphatically kept. Of the twelve, we presume nearly all have since followed the good example of their mistress, and are, as she is, happy wives and mothers.

The engraving of this picture is highly creditable. It is from the burin of an artist of the highest reputation; who has here worked with that spirit and accuracy—that masterly skill and sound judgment—in which he is surpassed by no modern engraver. Thus the print, as commemorating one of the most interesting and important events of the age in which we live, is worthy of praise—it will be a most acceptable acquisition to tens of thousands of loyal subjects.

'THE TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS.' Engraved by Bromley. Painted by R. S. Lauder.

This work will be remembered as one of the most remarkable productions in "the Exhibition" of 1842. As realizing the pictured incident and character of Scott's famous novel, it possesses very considerable merit; although it may be a question whether a work so purely imaginative could have borne advantageously to be multiplied on so large a scale. The artist has, however, fully entered into the spirit of the author: the deeply touching story is brought forcibly home to us; and we enter heartily into sympathy with the sorrows and sufferings depicted. As a work of Art, the painting shows high ability. The scene is well conceived, the characters are judiciously distributed—the grouping, indeed, is peculiarly excel-

lent—and in the expression given to each of the personages present there is some contribution to the object sought to be accomplished by the whole work. It is engraved with considerable skill, and evidently with much labour, care, and thought.

'THE DUKE'S HUNT.' Painted by Henry Calvert. Engraved by W. H. Simmons.

"The force of painting can no farther go;" even the great Duke can hardly supply a novel subject for the artist, unless he should "go a masquing" in his old days, and wear motley. We scarcely expected to meet his Grace at a hunt, unless the game had been man! Here he is, however; mounted on "a gallant grey," in a red coat (such as sportsmen wear), surrounded by noblemen and commoners, as the key informs us—"at the meet of the Vine Hunt." The print belongs to a class for which there will be always found purchasers. Of the thirty-eight aristocratic Nimrods here pictured no doubt the thousand and one friends will covet copies—for it is a thing to talk of to have been "out with the Duke"—whether the field were in Portugal or Dorsetshire. The artist deserves much credit for the skill with which he has discharged his task; he has given life to the subject; the drawing of the animals—noble and ignoble—is remarkably correct; the several groups have been judiciously arranged, and the whole is about one of the best compositions of the class to which it belongs. The work is well engraved.

THE WORKS OF MR. HUNT.

For some time past we have had occasionally one of the characteristic drawings of Mr. Hunt, engraved in lithography, and coloured under the artist's inspection, so that each is a facsimile of the original. They have now been collected into one volume; and perhaps a more amusing assemblage, the production of one individual, was never given to the public. No one who has visited the rooms of the Society of Painters in Water Colours can be ignorant of Mr. Hunt's peculiar style and manner. His subjects are generally of a low grade, and they are not, perhaps, sufficiently varied; but, for accuracy, no painter has ever surpassed him. His pictures are marvellously true.

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

This publication is progressing towards completion. It is a work that no artist should be ignorant of. We shall take an early opportunity of devoting sufficient space to render it justice.

These prints are either publishing or on the eve of publication. For the coming season—which we take to commence in March next—we are promised not only the three from the pencil of Landseer, to which we have already referred, but one of a very charming character—"The Dairy Maid"—which we believe Mr. Cousins is now engraving. This work will be something between the class of works to which we have been of late years accustomed from the pencil of this artist, and that class upon which we hope to see him exclusively engaged. The picture is most beautiful: the print cannot be less so. We are promised also the print from Knight's picture of the 'Heroes of Waterloo'; 'The Highlander's Return Home,' engraving by W. Finden, from Wilkie's famous picture painted for the late Earl of Essex; then 'The Shepherd's Funeral,' and 'Reading the First Bible in St. Paul's Cathedral,'—both from paintings by George Harvey, R.S.A.,—an artist who is far too little known in London, where his best works have not been seen, but who is second to no living painter in the class of Art he practises—that class, moreover, being the highest and the best.

But we are promised two works of even higher importance than those we have named. Mr. Haghe is preparing a second series of his "Views in Belgium and Germany,"—the first series being among the most meritorious and successful publications of its class ever issued in this country. Mr. Nash is producing, in lithography also, a worthy associate to Wilkie's "Eastern Sketches"—which, however, it will greatly surpass in interest and value. We allude to a volume of "Spanish Sketches," into which will be introduced the famous pictures painted immediately after Sir David's return to England from Spain, which were purchased by George IV., and are now in the Royal Collection. These last-named works will be indeed acquisitions of rare value—additions to the national store of Art; and we rejoice to close our brief notice of the forthcoming publications of Messrs. Graves by announcements so creditable to them.

### IMPROVEMENTS IN THE USEFUL ARTS.

We have explained and exhibited, from time to time, our intention of giving publicity, as far as our influence extends, to any improvement introduced into the external form and character of articles of British manufacture. The supremacy of our manufactures has, indeed, been long maintained, and is universally acknowledged on the Continent. While, however, the foreign producer admires our superiority in the very essential points of substance and durability, he generally refers with mingled triumph and scorn to the forms of our productions—as many degrees below contempt. Hitherto his sarcasms have been sufficiently just; but a time is approaching when we shall surpass the foreign competitor in DESIGN as much as we have hitherto excelled him in MATERIAL. We have no desire again to go over the argument by which we have shown how immensely serviceable will be such improvements as those we contemplate, not only by augmenting the mercantile value of the article produced, but by rendering it at all times aiding and assisting in the great work of educating the eye and the mind—a work in which every manufacturer is unconsciously taking an active part, and which he either advances or retards, more or less, by every article he multiplies and circulates among mankind.\*

In pursuance of our plan, therefore, we shall notice every improvement in manufactured articles where the influence of the Fine Arts has been or may be exercised; and, wherever our notices seem to require the aid of explanatory woodcuts, such woodcuts shall be associated with them. We shall thus hold out a sure encouragement to improvement, in giving to such improvement that publicity which rarely fails to secure substantial reward; while, at the same time, recompensing the party improving by according to him that "meed of praise" for which all good men labour; and, above all, we shall thus stimulate others to "improve likewise." Hitherto the manufacturer has had no medium by which he could make known the improvements in taste and external form to which his productions had been subjected; while the public journals—in Literature, Science, and Art—although reviewing, largely and continually, published books and prints, have completely overlooked the silent but powerful instructors which emanated from the factories of Great Britain.

In this spirit we notice improvements in THE RAZORS OF MESSRS. JAMES GILBERT AND SONS OF SHEFFIELD.

The Razor is an article in such extensive use that perhaps it is not too much to say nine men out of every ten possess one. It is, consequently, most essential that it receive those improvements which may render it auxiliary in promoting general taste. Hitherto, the care of the manufacturer has been expended exclusively upon the material—to establish character by tempering well the steel, and giving value to the blade. He has seldom thought it worth his while so to improve the form and character as to render it pleasant to the eye, although, by so doing, he added little or nothing to the cost.† We have seen with much pleasure a large collection of the specimens of Messrs. Gilbert and Sons, which, although not altogether satisfactory, exhibit an advance in the right direction, a spirit wisely active, and a resolve

\* Above all things, it should be borne in mind that, to maintain our trade with foreign countries, the character of the article should be continually improved; for it is notorious that many foreign manufacturers have been led into the belief that they can compete with us in the markets of the world, because inferior articles have been exported, which they may easily surpass. Such exportation of inferior articles is in every way mischievous—chiefly because it operates directly towards the ruin of our commerce by inducing the foreigner to labour for the attainment of that improvement, which he will ultimately achieve, so as in the end to outrun us, if we fail to keep continually in advance of him.

† The remark applies with equal force to many other articles of manufactured iron—keys for example, in the production of which we have grievously degenerated. The handles of old keys were generally wrought with much skill, and exhibited considerable taste and beauty; of late years, although immense sums have been expended upon the wards, the handles have been entirely neglected, and are, perhaps, among the ugliest objects the modern manufacturer produces. We are preparing a paper on this important and interesting subject, in the course of which we shall give a series of woodcuts, introducing a variety of beautiful examples.

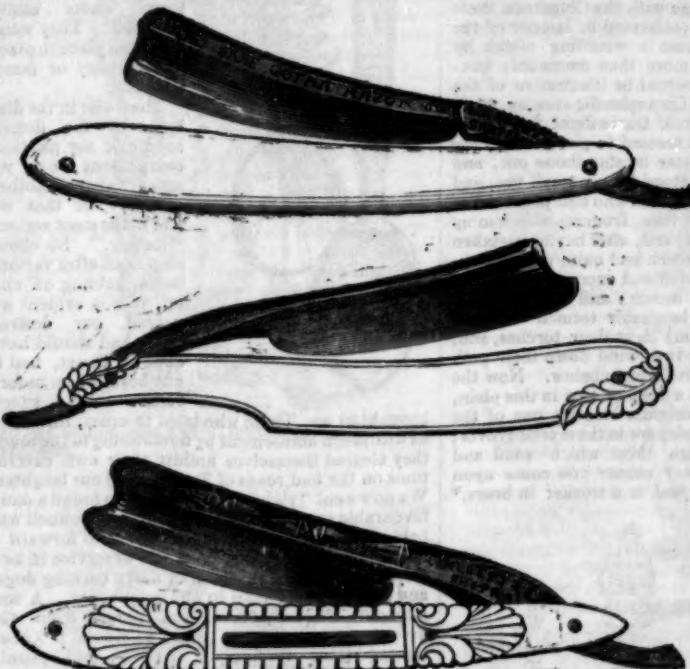
to compete worthily for that supremacy in exterior form which they have already established in reference to the materials out of which their productions are wrought; for we believe this establishment holds rank among the very first in the kingdom for the superiority of the article which Sheffield chiefly supplies, not only to England but to the world, exporting its annual millions to every part of the globe. In the examples we have inspected—and they number above 150 varieties—evidence is supplied that every one of them has

been at least subjected to a desire to improve upon what has been. It is manifested in the curve of the handle, the ornament introduced upon it, the convenience obtained by bends and curvatures, and in various other ways, as well as by such sensible and judicious adaptations of the blade, as may not only best answer the purpose of those who use it, but may give to the article that degree of elegance of which it would seem never until now to be considered susceptible. Our meaning will be best understood by the examples here given.

In the two first especially the forms are decidedly good, and as decidedly improvements upon previous productions. In the latter the ornaments, although conceived without reference to authorities, show the capabilities of the article for receiving the impress of Art, and explain how very beautifully they may be adorned by a very trifling expenditure. We have thus performed our duty in supplying some recompense to Messrs. Gilbert and Sons, for the strong desire they have manifested to improve the produce of their manufacture. As we have said, their materials are of acknowledged excellence. We rejoice to find them striving to augment the mercantile value of their productions, by subjecting them to the influence of the Fine Arts.

decessor. The article is manufactured by Messrs. Joseph and John Mayer, of Longport. We strongly recommend it as a decided improvement—inasmuch as, taken apart from its utility, it may be regarded as a household ornament.

CARVED BRACKETS.—It is our intention, ere long, to take up the subject of modern English Wood-carving, having especial reference to the beautiful works produced by Mr. Rogers, of Little Newport-street—works that were so highly complimented in the Report of the Royal Commission. Although at the risk of anticipating something we may have to say, we direct attention to the appended woodcut of a most elegant bracket.



BULB-BEARERS.—At this season of the year, in very many houses, efforts are made to shorten winter by the introduction of flowers. There are few persons who do not strive to grow a hyacinth—to supply beauty and fragrance within doors when the frost and snow are without. The ugly shape and character of the old hyacinth-glass is notorious; yet, odious as it is, it has been tolerated; and, until very lately, there were no attempts to displace it by something that should better please the eye and satisfy the mind. It is, therefore, with much pleasure we direct attention to a very decided improvement recently introduced by Mr. Hunt, of Queen's-row, Pimlico.



The bulb-bearer, here engraved, is of earthenware; its form is exceedingly good; it is ornamented by various designs; and it is so constructed that the supporting wires (necessary when the flower obtains height), in running through holes made in the bulb-cup, leave passages for the water—and so prevent an evil of very general occurrence in the old glasses—the rotting of the bulb; inasmuch as the water cannot remain above a certain height. This bulb-bearer, besides being infinitely more "sightly" than the old deformed glass (which we have engraved by the side of its modern substitute), less liable to break, more convenient, and far more healthful to the plant, is produced at so cheap a rate as to be little, if at all, dearer than its miserable pre-



It is carved with amazing delicacy, and yet appears to be very substantial. We know, indeed, that the fruit and flowers of Grinling Gibbons, although it would seem as if a breeze might shake them from their supporters, have stood the test of many years uninjured. The bracket here represented, though but little more costly than ordinary composition, is far more desirable, and infinitely more beautiful. To this subject we shall return ere long.

LETTERS FROM XANTHUS.  
BY W. MÜLLER, ESQ.

*Wrestling Match—Departure from Xanthus—Macri: the Ancient Telemessus.*

## Packet Boat Lycurgus.

MY DEAR —— I promised to give you some account of a wrestling match, which good fortune enabled me to see during my stay at Xanthus; and, not to take up too much time, I shall begin at once by saying that, in consequence of some information I had gained of a marriage with the Cingarees, there would be some games performed in honour of the nuptials: amongst these a wrestling match by torchlight; and I was more than commonly anxious to visit it, as it would be illustrative of the manners of the people. On a splendid evening, when the dark orange colour of the twilight faded gradually in the west, and seemed to give place to the deep purple of night—star by star shone out, and all was tranquillity—I stood by my small fire, and awaited my many companions who had promised to join me; and in a short time, from midshipman up to captain, they arrived; and, after having partaken of some of my coffee, which had quite gained a reputation amongst my kind and ever-merry friends, we settled our order of march; and the "marvel-hunters" (as a Jack laughably termed the gentlemen of the expedition) light their torches, and, headed by a servant or two, wind down their path from the encampment to the plain below. Now the Cingarees were located a mile or two in this plain, and to find their whereabouts was not one of the easiest things: their abodes are in the myrtle groves; they cut paths through them which wind and twist about, and at every corner you come upon some tent whose occupant is a worker in brass,\*



making spoons ornamented with beads of glass, or firearms, powder-flasks, &c. They are a clever and industrious people, of no professed religion—disliked by the regular Turks, yet partly Turks. Their costume is not the same, their features more marked, a wildness in the eye, a fierce expression, and often a deep lowunning, which is fully exhibited.

\* The accompanying sketches give the forms of some of their utensils, and they are far from inelegant. They are ornamented with glass beads—doubtless, in the better class, precious stones. It has a very pretty effect, in particular in the coffee-mill. It is curious how much original forms exist in almost all countries except England; nor alone in architecture in this observable, but in all sorts of ornaments. Should not Schools of Design strive to direct the minds of their pupils more to *nature* (ever various), and less to the eternal copying of arabesques and other classes of ornamental designs, which, after all, is but the adaptation of parts jumbled together, and too frequently without taste or judgment? Plants, and, in particular with the aid of the microscope, parts of fossils, would give hints for patterns that would furnish a whole nation of house-decorators or linen-drapers for season after season. As the old story has it, the "Acanthus" gave the hint for the Corinthian capital—tree, Gothic temples, &c. &c. Are there no more plants? or is there nothing still to be found from the forests? My belief is, seek in nature—she is exhaustless, and contains material for an English style of architecture and decoration, if not for thousands.

bited in any dealings with them. Of this I would give many instances, for I found many; yet, on the whole, I like the Cingaree: he is a gipsy, and I always had a sneaking partiality for that independent vagabond tribe. Their home is in the mountain, or on the plain; their wants few, and in this country (Asia) those wants easily supplied. They wander from place to place as necessity or fancy suggests.

The noise in the distance of the drums soon told my nautical companions that we must "shape another course," or that we had made most serious "leeway." So about ship; and after various tacks, holding off and on, it was evident we neared our desired port; and should have done so direct, had it not been for an unfortunate ditch which

brought us up. Those who tried to cross, furnished us with much amusement by floundering in the mud; they cleared themselves amidst their own execrations on the bad roads of Turkey, and our laughter. We now went "right ahead," and soon found a more favourable spot to cross at; and there a council was held, if it would not be more correct to forward a messenger to the chiefs. This was of service in two ways, as it cleared the road of nasty barking dogs, and did the thing civil to our neighbours. A few moments elapsed, when out issued from the groves several figures (some of whom I knew) waving their torches in the air, and plainly gave us to understand that, if we were in want of anything, it was not a welcome. They conducted us through a labyrinth of green bushes, and all of a sudden a spectacle broke upon my sight, which, from its novelty, I shall never forget. I stood to contemplate it for a second or two, and should have done so much longer, but, unfortunately, the group that composed the scene broke up, and so destroyed the curious picture. Seated round fires, sat in a circle several hundred persons; their basilisk eyes shining from under their white turbans gave them an unearthly appearance; they seemed like some vast collection of spirits in council over some mighty deed. Such a group might have furnished ideas for the author of "Vathek" to people his Hall of Eblis with, or a Danby or a Martin with a subject for one of their grand and poetical pictures. But with our approach they rose; and it became apparent that, as the fire light caught on the gold of the epaulettes of the officers, the presence of our party was regarded as a compliment, as considerable respect is attached to any ornament, and I believe as much coveted by the poor Cingaree as by the youth who first seeks these baubles amidst the slaughter and carnage of his fellow-creatures. The blood of thousands tarnishes not the gold: it shines in the drawing-room, and it glistens in the Cingaree camp.

We were conducted to a centre place, and pressed to sit; but, having an extensive acquaintance amongst these sons of the plain, I had the honour to be placed next my friend, the chief of the wrestlers, Oiel; and, as I may have much to say concerning him, I must in the first place state, in introducing him, he was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen: his tall figure moved with ease and grace, and, although one could at a moment see he was a man of herculean strength, there was nothing of that muscular hardness of outline—that *too squareness* of parts (if I may be allowed such an expression)—that generally accompanies persons possessed of great strength. His dark olive complexion was in keeping with his wild expression; and as he took his beautiful pipe from his mouth, and with a smile and slight bow offered it me, there was an elegance and ease of action that could not be surpassed in the most polished society. On the right hand of him was a

Nubian of distinction: his diamond bright eyes rolled from one spot to the other, resting on no object for a second; dressed in a simple robe of grey, its want of ornament was a fine contrast to the rich dresses that surrounded him.

In a few seconds music commenced. Now, when I write the word music, it must be clearly understood to mean Cingaree music—drums and a horrid pipe (wild as the bagpipe), whose sustained note screamed forth, and jarred on the ear much like the sensation to the teeth of cutting work; yet withal there was a wildness that harmonised with the general scene. At last coffee was brought round—what is called coffee. How often I hear people speaking in assumed raptures of Turkish coffee! Poor innocents! how little do they know about it. How I should like to see them drink but a little of this thick, gritty, muddy, bitter, choking fluid—for such it is in general; yet overcome general prejudices—call it by another name (as Jews do with pork)—and you may drink it and like it, and, when some black slave presents you with a little cup in its silver filigree stand, you will confess that, if not altogether what you expected, it is far from bad. I soon liked it, and bought the mill, the iron roasting-pan, the little cups; in short, all the contrivances to make coffee *comme les Turcs*, and on my return have tried to give my friends a treat. *Mais les ingratis!*—they will not drink it, and will never believe it can be admired by any person sane. We relished ours, however, on the night I allude to; and if the officers thought it might have been slightly improved by cream (French?), there is no accounting for European tastes.

The fires were trimmed, a large circle cleared, and now, all expectation, we awaited the commencement of the performance (as we should say in Drury Lane); and the commencement rather disappointed my expectations. An elderly man, with a fine white beard, took the centre of the circle, holding in his hand a wooden vessel with water. Once more the drums and pipe broke the grateful silence with their harsh tones, when out jumped two lads, perfectly nude, with the exception of a small cloth round the middle; they performed some antics in the circle, and, after having run here and there, one came to the old man; kneeling down on one knee, he was washed over with the water; he rose, held out his right hand, which was as a challenge, and, with extreme rapidity, the other youth darted forward and touched it. The second then went through the ablution, when, separating to the opposite sides of the circle, they approached one another with all possible caution, soon closed, and, for lads of fifteen or sixteen, they behaved well; but then their figures gave no idea of the beautiful or grand. Two or three of these matches were decided, the termination taking place the instant the one could place the other on his back; they then parted the best of friends, collecting around the ring half or quarter piasters. This was all well enough, but gave me no idea of wrestling. But I had not long to wait: a man in the prime of life leaped into the ring; his full and well-rounded limbs shone in the light of the fire; a murmur of applause seemed to greet him; he stood firm and erect for a second, then, with modest self-possession, slightly bent the head, knelt down, received the water, and, as he stood up, offering his challenge. How strongly did he remind me of the Apollo, and brought me President West's remark, with all its truth, strongly to my mind! He was, indeed, a noble figure, and one might have imagined his offer to the contest would have remained unanswered, as he seemed to possess rather a dangerous beauty; but not so, it was answered in a minute, and by one in every way worthy to be his opponent.

As they evaded one another in the commencement, one could see their forms were elastic, yet strong—supple, yet firm—with just that right quantity of muscle; but now they close.\* The right

\* I remarked, when the combatants used their full muscular strength in the contest, how considerable the impression or indentation became on the limb or part where the strength was applied; for instance, the thigh; and it reminded me of the total want of this in the Laocoon: the serpent twines round the limb as if they were a hard substance—marble or cast iron. Yet I feel confident that the introduction of such minute detail would be injurious to the whole. And I make the remark with no pretence of discovering a fault—from it—for it only shows that the truly grand cannot be accomplished by the observance of the truly minute.



arm is under the left of each other, the legs apart; they breathe a second previous to the struggle, and that was nothing but the shifting of fine groups of antique statuary. Oh! for a sculptor to have been there: how vain the effort to make models imitate action! Now they fall to earth, now again they rise; one lifts his antagonist high in the air, and you make certain, in an instant, he will dash him to the earth; but he evades the fall with the greatest address, and panting for breath, they rest for a minute; again they resume the struggle, which continued an hour, and at length, conquered by fatigue, the conqueror was resigned, neither being victor or conqueror.

During this long trial good temper seemed to guide their actions, and this was observable in several others who wrestled afterwards; and one can but be struck with the vast difference of such an entertainment, in what is termed *savage* life and civilization. In the latter, if such a display of manly strength and amusement had taken place in England, would it not have been accompanied with debauchery, beer and spirit drinking, until the senses wrestled with reason?—would not gambling have lent its hideous countenance to the scene, and prostitution have flaunted hand in hand with the revellers? It is strange, but not less true, that open vice accompanies nearly all of those amusements in which the lower and middling classes take pleasure in. Too often do we find aristocracy lending its aid to these scenes; but, in general, their orgies are performed amongst themselves and in private. Let us hope, however, and I do sincerely hope it, that education—education of the *million*—is fast removing the vice of the million. Let all lend their little means towards it, and the result must be secure.

I have mentioned my friend Oiel as being the chief of the Xanthian wrestlers, and I hoped to have seen him matched with a trusty opponent. My servant intimated this to him, but he regretted there was no one present who might be termed his equal; yet, with a good nature only equalled by his general conduct, he said he would show us his method; and he prepared immediately. Piece by piece he laid aside his garments, and, at length, what a splendid figure stood before us—how grand is the form of man—his majesty or godlike figure stands alone unrivalled! Oiel's opponent was, as might have been expected, by no means a match for him, and it was too evident that he could do just what he pleased with him; and, as regarded the wrestling, I was not sorry when this one-sided exhibition concluded. We found the hour late, and after a small present we rose; we had our retinue of torch-bearers to the confines of the grove, after which we lost our path, and amidst much fun we stumbled our way home; and the next morning I found, when too late, that we lost the best of the sport, for just after our departure a stranger, jealous of the fame of Oiel, had made an especial visit from the mountains of Adalia, to try a fall with him: and I well remember the account Oiel gave of it to me, and his smile of self-satisfaction, when he said (with a slight stamp of his foot)—“I threw him once—twice—thrice—and I can throw him when I please.”

#### DEPARTURE.

The time was now fast arriving which I had fixed for my departure; and the floods which had inundated the plains, rendering the scenery only suitable to the study of a deluge picture, made me anxious to move to another part of the country—Macri. I could not sketch, and I could not sleep dry at night; and, as I have before said, a week or two of that class of weather is enough, especially when your cookhouse is blown down, your fire out, and you sit day after day surrounded by wet canvas. Even the figures ceased to have an attraction, curious and beautiful as they were, both in costume and general character; and perhaps it may not be unacceptable to give some idea of their dress. This is done much better by the few accompanying sketches than anything I can write.

The general appearance of these Turks is at times most striking, from the immense display of embroidery, in which considerable talent is displayed in the pattern; as also from the quantity of arms he carries. A great peculiarity I have noticed in the Xanthian, is the manner in which he arranges the loose gown, or “anter.” This almost always folds well, and adds grace to the figure. His shoes



are of calf's or deer's skin, much like the American moccasin.



Amongst the richer classes no expense is spared, as ladies in Turkey are as fond of silks and rich



stuff as in any part of the world. I have been surprised to notice what beautiful costume may be found even in a tent life: the “salvor,” or drawers, of a red colour, often a light beautiful pink; the “anter” of a striped material like the Damask silks; so also is the “jelec,” or short sort of waistcoat; whilst that most sacred and secret part of ladies' attire, the chemise (joinelec), is of a construction or fabric which, for lightness and delicacy of texture, I can compare to no known European manufacture I am acquainted with. (See previous cut.)

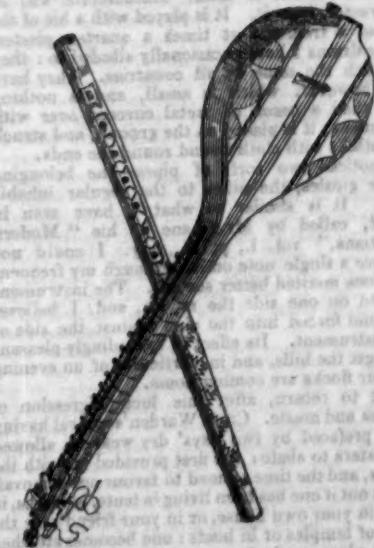
Sketch from a Xanthian lad, showing a peculiarity in the turban I have never seen but in this country.



The lad with the bow is remarkable, inasmuch as the bow is of the same form used by the ancient inhabitants of the soil. Lycia was dedicated to Apollo: he had his temple at Patara: the money was marked or stamped with a bow. The classical form is still used in the valley, which originally arose, I should imagine, from the use of horns in making the bows: be that as it may, the fact is curious.

#### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

I had the good fortune to become possessed of a camel-driver's violin, shortly after my ar-



rival; he accompanies the voices with it, and although not what we can exactly term music, at a distance it is anything but unpleasant. One can judge much of the tone or state of civilization of a country, either by their music, or their love of it. Now, throughout all the parts of Lycia I have been, they are decidedly fond of music; and it was

with considerable difficulty I got them to part with a small instrument of home manufacture, resembling a guitar: the body made of a gourd, pierced with holes, instead of the ordinary sound-hole; it had four strings, two of which were tuned as unisons, and were of brass wire. Instead of frets, its scale was formed by pieces of cord tied round the neck; and, when I found it, decidedly in tune, with intervals correctly marked as in every true scale. I regretted much my covetous love of novelties obliging me to deprive them of what evidently was a source of great enjoyment, for round the fire of an evening they continually gave a little concert, and whiled away the long hours in songs of love or war. The friends of the owner of it positively refused his parting with it; but the temptation of twenty plasters was too great, and a few more to his son completed the bargain and smoothed down my conscience. Some time after I found another, in



general appearance the same, but, on minuter inspection, coveted it five times more; and I hope, with the assistance of the little sketches, to make its merits fully understood and appreciated, for it claims novelty and great ingenuity: on the one side it has the usual number of thread frets; now the neck is divided in two, and what is usually the back in most instruments, is strung, but in another key, so that the player can at his pleasure change his key by turning the instrument. I have shown it to many of my musical friends, who have expressed great pleasure in seeing it, and in one instance I think it may not be improbable a small instrument of better manufacture will be constructed from it. It is played with a bit of the bark of a tree, and at times quarter plaster. Of the drums I have occasionally alluded to: they are much the same in all countries. They have one, however, which is small, and is nothing more than a basin of metal covered over with parchment; it is placed on the ground, and struck with sticks with cloth bound round the ends.

I noticed two sorts of pipes—one belonging to the gypsies, the other to the regular inhabitants. It is similar to what I have seen in Egypt, called by Mr. Lane in his "Modern Egyptians," vol. i., p. 75., nay. I could not produce a single note on it, although my frequent exertions merited better success. The instrument is held on one side the mouth, and, I believe, the wind forced into the pipe against the side of the instrument. Its effect is exceedingly pleasant amongst the hills, and in particular of an evening as your flocks are coming home.

But to return, after this long digression of dresses and music. Capt. Warden's arrival having been prefaced by two days' dry weather, allowed the waters to abate: the first provided me with the horses, and the time seemed to favour our removal. I care not if one has been living in tents, in tombs, in inns, in your own house, or in your friend's, in the ruins of temples or in boats: one becomes attached to the place, and nine to one but, on leaving it, old associations arise, and regret becomes the feeling predominant. I nearly cried on leaving Thebes; I did not on leaving Xanthus: but I much regretted parting with a spot where I had spent so many happy days.

Breakfast was going on well—Nicolo, as he put the rice on the table, reminded me it was the last

time; and I do not think my young friend Johnson, whose amiable qualities as a travelling companion I must ever acknowledge, much regretted it, for, with the feelings of youth, novelty has fifty times the charm in scenery as well as diet; and the latter needed change. The horses came up, when all was confusion: beds in oil-cases, canteens to be packed, portmanteaus to be strapped, and, last of all, tents to be struck. The Turks looked on—dozed on; and I can say of them as Marston of his dog, when he wrote that quaint passage on the immortality of the soul. "Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I," &c. Then, "whilst I" made all haste in my power to get packed as early as possible, and mule after mule received its burden, the old cookhouse of mats had already written on it—"To let;" and we soon saw it was not long in being taken by the Turks: peg after peg, and stay after stay, and the old tent came to the ground. Adieu to No. 3, Xanthian-crescent, and adieu to my friends, to the sailors, to the Greeks, and always next to them, my dogs. The Turks were, as I before said, numerous, to watch my departure, for I do think I had become a bit of a favourite with them; and I was pleased to think they had affections for the stranger, but was not prepared to find them so strongly displayed as I found them, as the little anecdote I am about to narrate will prove.

I had been put over the river in the boat with servants, &c. Its passage was difficult, and all but impossible to ford, from its swollen state.

The horses were forced to cross much lower down, where the river from spreading over the plain was much more shallow. I knew I should have an hour or so to wait, and I amused myself by gathering flowers. The anemones are most beautiful, the colour as brilliant as the size is large: the red are remarkable. They in general are finest in a sandy soil, and then they cover the ground like a beautiful carpet.

Whilst so engaged, I saw in the distance a man riding at the top of his horse's speed; he made for the opposite bank, threw himself from his steed, and spoke to some Turks, who pointed to the other side. He evidently wished to cross—the boat would be out of his power, as it required skill to manage her. He hesitated a moment, when he disengaged himself of his garments and arms. He could not be going to swim the stream? It was a rapid, foaming on to the sea, twisting and twirling; if opposed, its whirlpool told its strength, and the dark markings on its surface were as the frowns on a passionate man's face—foreboding little good. I had short time to doubt: in he plunged, and with a giant's strength he cut through the waters, which, notwithstanding, carried him some hundred yards down the stream. He gained the shore, and ran along the sandy bank, extending his hands towards me. It was my old friend Oisi: he had heard of my departure, he had crossed the river to say "Good bye." Down we sat, and smoked our last pipe; and hardly was it finished when the horses came up to saddle. The Serrugee wants no delay; I pressed his hand, struck my spurs deep in my horse's flank, and, as I galloped off to join my party, I heard his splash in the water.

"There may be many high in life who may blush to call you friend, but your conduct may furnish them a good example." Thus moralizing I overtook my companions; and shortly after our mules, determined to keep up their character for stubbornness, would, despite all we could do to the contrary, tumble all our luggage into a dike—fortunately a dry one. This prevented our progress for an hour or more, and the very bad ground we had to pass over, from the late rains, prevented our advancing but at a slow pace; still I hoped by nightfall to arrive at Kestep. The rain began to fall, and I began to indulge in the idea that we might have to spend the night under some tree; and, as the evening came on, I divided my sympathy between the poor beasts and myself. The rain became thicker, and we all wet; yet on we went, wishing our jackets like the rain. It now became dark, and anything but agreeable. The loud shout of the Serrugee broke the otherwise perfect stillness of the night, and our little troop passed on. A thick mist encompassed us: all at once I saw a light—another and another—they moved, and became more and more distinct; and, slowly nearing, they struggled through the general gloom, and I was at a loss to account for their appearance. In the space of a few minutes the gi-

antic outlines of camels became visible. These, moving through the mist, had a grand appearance, and soon explained the mystery. It was some merchants travelling by night: each leader of the camels had a torch. The effect of this procession, lighting up the trees, and shining into the recesses of the woods, was most picturesque, and formed a fine subject for a painting. From these people we gained the information that we were near our resting-place; and, indeed, the deep barking of dogs soon announced our proximity to a village. These brutes turned out like a legion of young devils, but we cared little for them; for with what pleasure does a man hail the meanest resting-place when wet, fatigued, and hungry! After having taken care of your poor beast—and good care—with a clear conscience of not having abused his valuable services, you enter the friendly door. This one belonged to a small Turkish cottage, used by travellers. I poked my way in the dark into the interior, and with some matches procured a light; and, for want of some wood, began to tear down a sort of fence near the door, when a little Turk, dressed all in red, like a *diabolique rouge*, made such a noise as if I had been going to burn the Koran; but finding I was the master of the party, he allowed me to be his. This information he gained, I imagine, by my servants whispering in his ear, which had the same effect as is narrated of the Irish horse-tamer; and perhaps he looked to the plasters on the morrow morning. Be it as it may, he became civil, and we had an excellent fire. Our frugal meal produced and despatched, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and should have had a good night's sleep had it not been for the roof of the house, which was not waterproof. I soon woke. I think I had been dreaming I was in the Dripping Cave at Knaresborough. It was impossible to sleep in a pool; so, moving the logs of wood and making a good blaze, I took a sort of cab-horse sleep, and, as the grey morning broke, I shook myself and my friends, who rose from their shower-bath, and all turned their attention to breakfast. That over, once more on the road: it was wet and gloomy, and promised a continuance of bad weather. We wished good by to our host, paid him for his civilities, gave a few half-plasters to some half-starved children, who, if not so, looked so; and now en route.

#### A PAINTER'S SKETCH.

In search of brighter clime or sky  
Still let the restless wanderer roam,  
No fairer meets the painter's eye  
Than mantles o'er our English home.  
Green are our woods, and sweeter streams  
Ne'er onward rolled in brighter beams.

More varied scenes what land can boast,  
From castled craig to mountain vale?  
Field, forest, sea-encircled coast,  
The pencil charm: the pictured tale  
Of sun and shade, of shifting skies,  
No fairer clime than ours supplies.

Dear is the woodland cot, where trees,  
Low bending o'er the rushy brook,  
Fling their wild branches to the breeze,  
Around the hereditary nook;  
While chequered sunbeams trembling throw,  
Above the thatch, a golden glow.

If to thine eye be dearer still  
The riven craig or crumbling wall,  
The leaping foam from mountain rill,  
Or deepest glen or loftiest fall,  
Or hoary castle, dim and grey,  
That mournful mocks the eye of day;

Turn to the wilds in northern land,  
Whose circling mountains shroud the sky—  
From snowy wreath and icy band,  
Mysterious grandeur frowns on high—  
Ben Nevis hoarsely shouts aloud,  
And Lomond answers from its cloud.

Fill from the farthest spring of Thames,  
And pledge Old England's wide domain;  
Fill to the high and honoured names  
Which Genius hallows—not in vain—  
Since bounding hearts in worship burn,  
Before each consecrated urn.

W. H. CROME.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PICTURE CLEANING.

SIR.—I now resume the remarks on Picture-cleaning; and as one of your correspondents who signs himself "A Constant Subscriber, Dalston," has communicated some questions founded on my former instructions, &c., I shall nearly limit myself in this letter in replying to these inquiries.

Your constant subscriber asks, "If it is desirable to be acquainted with the nature of the varnish which has been used, and the period when varnished, how are these circumstances to be ascertained, as the picture may only have come into your possession yesterday? How can copal on an old picture be known or distinguished from any other varnish? Under what circumstances to apply the different solvents named, and in what quantities? Would the damping or moistening of varnish on a picture before rubbing be beneficial or otherwise? Is it meant when there is no varnish on a picture that spirits of wine will clean and be best for use; and that dry rubbing or friction ought not to be practised?"

To these questions I answer that, although a picture may have come only yesterday into possession, yet practice will enable any one to judge of the nature and period of the varnish; and this cannot be taught by any written or oral information. It exacts great observation founded on practical experience; but to amateurs, who desire to find amusement for their leisure hours, I would recommend the purchase of some worthless pictures, or remains of pictures, which may be bought by the dozen at brokers' stalls for half-a-crown or five shillings a piece, and to experiment on these; beginning always timidly with the milder or diluted solvents, and carefully watching the progress of the removal by examining the tufts of cotton, as I have before explained.

For the second question, "How is copal to be distinguished?" the answer is, by its hardness and refusing to be disturbed by solvents at all. To the third question I must reply by referring to what I have already said in answer to the first, that it can only depend on the practical skill acquired with experience on a variety of cases by the operator. The only prudent course for amateurs to pursue in furtherance of their wishes, is to practise as before noticed on some worthless pieces; or to endeavour to engage some competent person to show them the course, and to explain the reasoning thereon on the particular pictures wished to be cleaned. It is totally impossible to designate positive doses of the solvents employed on pictures generally without the knowledge of the principles upon which they were individually executed—whether with solid colour, or with glazings in oil, varnish, or megip; what restorations or repaints have been at various periods added, and some acquaintance with the methods of the different schools and masters to account for the alterations, changes of tone, or state of decay in which the pictures happen to be at the present time.

The necessity of experience in these cases arises from the methods which have been pursued by picture-dealers generally on all works which have been in their hands, to give them a false appearance of colour or brilliancy, or to conceal their blemishes and defects.

I must here protest against being considered to utter indiscriminate disapprobation of all dealers in pictures, as there are amongst the numerous body many honourable men, of sound judgment and great knowledge of Art. I beg to exempt these altogether from the reprobation I express against individuals who may be styled picture-brokers, picture-doctors, or, if you please, more laconically, picture-knackers. These men buy the most inferior trash, or large damaged pictures, which admit of being cut up into smaller ones; they are daubed up into something like appearance by an unfortunate but cleverish artist, who is forced to depend on a pitiful weekly stipend for his sustenance; and then a process of dirtying down, obscuring, or, in the phraseology of the craft, doctoring ensues. Varnish on varnish is laid on; very frequently copal, as its hardness conceals better the juvenility of the ancient painting; but not pure varnish, no, but varnish tinted with some transparent brownish or diamant-looking colour: any means, in short, to beget an interposing medium between the vision of the connoisseur and the new paint; in fact, if the phrase is allowable, throwing liquid dust in his eyes, convincing him that it is an old picture obscured by neglect, and that under the mass of dulness he will find delight in the purity of the performance. He feels convinced, from the age-en-brown and discoloured varnish, that it is the veritable production of an old master, instead of being indebted for the respectable degree of maturity it appears to bear, to the juice of liquorice with which these productions are frequently covered.

Now, if the picture came into the amateur's possession yesterday, imagine his consternation when he has thoroughly cleaned such a picture with the solvents.

This is the actual condition of a great number of the pictures sold publicly either in auction-rooms, or at auctions in dwelling-houses. They are doctored up by these pelffogging dealers to entrap the eager hunters after extraordinary bargains, or the unwary.

There is another class of pictures foisted on the public in the above manner, namely, entirely new pictures appearing as old ones. It is surprising the vast number which are manufactured to be got rid of in this

way; the unceasing recurrence and great frequency of public sales afford abundant proof of its being a successful mode of gulling.

These new pictures are mostly painted in copal or megip; they are done on pieces of old pictures cut up and lined. This gives them the appearance of having been so served for the sake of their preservation, and precludes all examination of the canvas and stretching-frames. On these are painted Verneta, Ruydaels, S. Rossas, R. Wilsons, Cuypa, &c., and particularly Canaletti. What sale is there without one or more Canaletti? It is an unfortunate fact that many artists of tolerable reputation lend themselves to this species of fraud. When the paint has got tolerably hard, and which is hastened by means of varnishes, megip, and sugar of lead, they are submitted to the doctoring process: their freshness having disappeared, they are fit for the sale-room. I wish the amateur joy of attempting to clean this class of pictures at all: their certain destruction is possibly an advantage derived from the attempt.

I have been induced to digress thus much to show the advantage and necessity of experience in judging of pictures recently obtained before attempting to clean them.

The notion to soften the varnish by damping or moistening the surface with a solvent before rubbing is a most dangerous experiment. I have in my former communication impressed the absolute consequence of having a tuft of cotton impregnated with the counteracting medium ready in the left hand, to be instantly applied in case of the slightest appearance of mischief; therefore a powerful solvent allowed to remain acting chemically to dislodge the varnish may suddenly penetrate to the paint; and, if the amateur cleaner wishes to be convinced of its consequences, let him try liquor potasse, ammonia fortis, naphtha, or spirits of wine on the paint of his apartment, and observe the result.

Where a picture has never received any varnish, but the discolouration has arisen from other circumstances, such as obscurity of the place where it has been hung, damp, smoke of lamps or candles, steam of meals, dust, insects, &c., it is not proper to apply any solvent whatever to clean it. Solvents are only applicable to remove varnish. The course to be adopted is to wipe off as much dirt as possible by a piece of buff leather, which has been damped and wrung nearly dry; and it will very much assist the clearing off if some powdered whiting is made use of as soap usually is. If the discolouration is great, and has probably arisen from having long hung in a feeble light, the exposure to a strong sunlight for some days will restore much of the lost brilliancy. If the dirt, smoke, &c., are thickly coated, very finely pulverized Flanders brick and pumice-stone in equal portions, or mixed with a little whiting, may be used with good effect by means of the damped piece of leather.

The great objection to the use of friction by the fingers to remove varnish is the injury almost inevitably inflicted, more or less, on the paint. Every one knows that continued friction of the softest bodies will make impression on the hardest objects. The keys of a pianoforte may be worn into hollows like the bowl of a teaspoon by constant practice, and it is the lead wheel that polished porphyry.

In canvas, where the threads cross each other in the weaving, small eminences are created forming a continuous grain of fine points. On this granulated surface when paint is applied it naturally sinks into the numerous depressions on the surface, and lies thinner on the raised parts forming the grain. Friction, therefore, naturally rubs down the paint from this continuous series of small eminences, particularly if a coarse canvas has been employed, so that in cleaning the picture by friction the colour at last remains only in the interstices of the threads, and presents an appearance of minute tracery very similar to the web of bobbinet.

If the picture is painted on a panel, the grain of the wood becomes more prominent with age, and the application of friction here will leave the picture with every minute grain marked by a fine line showing the bare surface, making the restoring of this kind of damage by colour a work of great tediousness and delicacy.

I have seen lately a fine picture of W. Vandervelde in the condition above alluded to, from having been cleaned by friction, which was left completely reticulated; and a friend of mine, who had a valuable picture in this state, employed an artist during three weeks to stipple in the meshes of this network in the sky alone.

My wish is to convince your correspondents of the risk they run if they were to commence their novitiate on very fine or valuable pictures; but, as these works exist rarely but in the possession of persons enjoying wealth, the fine examples of ancient Art are not much in danger of injury from amateur amusements on their surface. There are, nevertheless, hundreds of pleasing works which it were to be regretted to have injured or destroyed. I have endeavoured, perhaps more than needful, to impress extreme caution, and to suggest that the preliminary attempts should be made on some worthless daubs, which if ruined can excite no regret, but in, *de facto*, a positive benefit to Art to get rid of their existence; in doing which the double satisfaction is gained of getting rid of rubbish, and gaining knowledge with experience at the same time.

Having been somewhat diffuse on the difficulties of picture-cleaning, I shall in my next communication offer a number of remarks, some founded on reasoning, but mostly on experience, on the manner of restoring damages to the painted surface; and I venture to think that the knowledge of the picture-repairer in the use of colours may afford some advantageous hints to the modern practitioners of the delightful art of painting. Your obedient servant,

RENOVATUS.

## THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that it was made a very pompous—at all events a very expensive and fussy—affair, the universal theme of the newspapers, the so-called opening of the new Exchange reminds us of *lucus a non lucendo*, it being rather the signal for shutting it up again until it shall be completed and fit for business—a sort of Hibernian management that would have been more in character for the citizens of Dublin than those of London. The worst part of the matter is that "completion" seems likely to turn out to be spoliation; for whether it be owing to the hurry with which it was laid down, to the inexperience and want of skill on the part of the workmen, or to the defective quality of the cement, it has been found necessary to take up and carry away the tessellated pavement; nor is it quite certain that another attempt will be made with it. This is sufficiently vexatious; for, to say nothing of the very heavy expense and the protracted delay thus occasioned, not only will the Exchange itself be deprived of one of its most remarkable decorations—and, judging from the coloured engraving published of it, the pavement was of very tasteful design, and must have been singularly striking in effect;—not only, we say, will the Exchange lose some of its splendour, should the replacing the tessellation be found impracticable, but so signal a failure on so important an occasion is likely to create a prejudice against the material itself, and to deter from any further application of it, at least upon anything like the same scale. Blame must, we think, rest somewhere; if it be only for risking such an experiment without its being satisfactorily ascertained by adequate tests and trials beforehand that the work would stand. Probably the mischief is mainly attributable to the cement not having had due time allowed for its hardening, and the whole pavement becoming consolidated, before it was put to the rough test it must have undergone from so many feet upon it. Of the decorative encaustic painting within the ambulatories around the Merchants' Area, all that we can now say of them is, that we have seen them, but not so as to enable us to say more than that the general effect is, as matter of course, striking, from its novelty in this country, where we are quite unaccustomed to any extra embellishment of the kind in our public buildings.\* At present neither that nor any other part of the interior is accessible to any one, the strictest orders of "No admittance" being enforced. Even the portico itself is in a state of blockade, being boarded up below between the columns; consequently cannot be properly viewed, although many other things of the kind would lose nothing by being so boarded up, because all that is behind the external columns more frequently impairs than at all enhances the character derived from them. Such is not the case here, this portico being remarkable both for the arrangement of the embellishments bestowed upon its interior, and for the rich coffering of its vaulted ceiling.

Thus much may serve for the present to show that we have not wholly neglected a subject that, owing to extraneous circumstances, has excited general attention very far more than it otherwise would have done. We look only to the intrinsic interest of the building itself, which is so far from being merely an ephemeral one, requiring to be caught as "the Cynthia of the minute," that it will not at all suffer by a little delay, and we shall take opportunity for returning to it again.

\* That it is a bad style—coarse and vulgar, and by no means suited to the building into which it is introduced—will be, we think, evident to all who see it when it's to be seen. That there are plenty of English artists who could have done better admits of as little question. But Mr. Sang, with his 32 associates, has covered a huge surface with various colours—and that being a new idea, is no doubt a grand one in the eyes of the worthies who have been systematically jobbing the Exchange.

## VARIETIES.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—Two associate members have been elected—WILLIAM DYUR, Esq., painter, and WILLIAM CALDER MARSHALL, Esq., sculptor. Both these gentlemen are natives of Scotland. The one first named was, not long ago, Director of the Government School of Design, and is still, we believe, Inspector of the Provincial Schools. As an artist, he is but little known out of London; and even there his reputation is confined within a limited circle. Of his high abilities, however, there can be no question; he has produced few works—but they are lions! His time has been occupied apart from the executive of his profession; but it has been expended in acquiring sound practical knowledge and extensive information. He is one of the few British painters who may be described as learned—one of the very few who consider it as much their duty to read and think as to draw and paint. His picture in the Exhibition last year, 'King Josiah Shooting the Arrow of Deliverance,' was a high achievement; it is to the credit of the Royal Academy that they perceived and appreciated its merit. It led, no doubt, to his election, although he has long been known to many as a gentleman who might confer honour upon any institution of which he became member. To the election of Mr. Calder Marshall, also, there can be no reasonable objection. He is one of the three (the others being Messrs. Bell and Foley) who lately received the rewards of the Royal Commission. Mr. Marshall is, we believe, a young man, a native of Edinburgh—where his father is a silversmith, one of the most highly esteemed and respected burghers of the city. He is already an associate member of the Scottish Academy. Among the associates there are now several artists of matured fame and unquestionable ability; and, as there will be two members elected in February, plenty of candidates will present themselves—in reference to whose talents there can be no question. We trust the Academy will carefully eschew the danger of being governed by a clique—the dry rot of many ancient corporations—and elect only the persons who should be considered best entitled to the distinction. Some two or three years ago, bad choices may have been defended upon the principle that any choice would have been a bad one. This defence cannot now be urged: among the associates are Webster, Herbert, Redgrave, McDowell, Creswick, Grant, and Cope.

**THE NEW ALDERMAN.**—It gives us exceeding pleasure to record the fact that "the Arts" have again an advocate and a representative in the Corporation of London city. Francis Graham Moon, Esq., has been elected alderman of the ward of Portsoken. Exactly forty years have passed since the death of Alderman Boydell;—the only publisher of works of Art who ever enjoyed the honour of being one of the rulers of the great metropolis. Mr. Boydell was the earliest of the publishers of prints who conferred respectability upon that branch of trade. He elevated it, as well as himself; and, during his long life, he very materially advanced the reputation of British Art; for, until his time, our school produced few engravings entitled to consideration throughout Europe. In the number and value of British works of Art, Alderman Boydell has been greatly surpassed by Alderman Moon: where the former spent his hundreds the latter has paid his thousands; and, beyond all question, in liberality to artists—painters and engravers—the new alderman has at least rivalled the well-earned and well-merited fame of his predecessor.\* We rejoice, therefore, that among the

\* Evidence of the satisfaction given by Mr. Alderman Moon to artists is supplied by a fact to which we neglected to make reference. Several months ago, a very beautiful and costly silver vase was presented to Mr. Moon, purchased out of funds subscribed by painters and engravers, together with a few men of letters, whose experience of Mr. Moon, in the way of business, enabled them to bear testimony to the liberality as well

aldermen of London we find a gentleman so eminently entitled to consideration and respect, and one who, we cannot doubt, will take care to give a right bias to all future transactions relative to Art into which "the City" may enter—trusting to his well-known judgment and taste, to protect his fellow-citizens against those evils and that reproach which a long series of blunders have entailed upon them.

**THE EXCHANGE PAVEMENT.**—One of the proofs of ignorance or bad management has been already exhibited at the Royal Exchange—and that before it has actually opened. It appears the mosaic pavement could not bear the trampling of so many loyal feet on the memorable 28th of October, and has actually fallen into as many separate pieces as Mr. Singer manufactured. The expense of relaying it will be a very considerable addition to its original cost.

**EXHIBITION OF COPIES.**—On the 13th of last month, the copies made from works selected from the Exhibition of Old Masters were submitted to private view at the British Institution; and, if we are to suppose that the limited number of aspirants to excellence in Art devote time with a view to its attainment by pursuing this path, it is painful to contemplate their devious efforts, knowing, as we do, that nothing of this kind will ever lead to even moderate distinction. Surely the question of the utility of copying is sufficiently answered by a glance at these productions, which are generally of a class the meanest and most feeble in execution. Of the 'Incredulity of St. Thomas' there are fifteen copies, none of which are of the size of the original, and none are signalized by anything approaching the fidelity of a good copy. Of Snyders' 'Fighting Cats' there are five copies, in some of which the balance of tone prevailing in the original is entirely destroyed by some of the objects—as, for instance, the vase is painted up to a light far beyond what is in the picture. The admirable portrait of Mrs. Hartley, by Reynolds, may be considered a grand essay for a student, as well in colour as in expression; but it is an egregious error to set a student of ordinary powers down to copy a picture which were a study for a master. This picture is painted upon tinnen, and has been painted with as much simplicity of manner as Sir Joshua was capable of, considering his impatience of simple material. There are nine copies, none of which have the texture that the original derives from the material upon which it is painted.

The expression, as might be expected, is a difficulty, as is the finishing glaze; the copy by Gooderson is the nearest, but this will sink very much, since it is already worked down to the tone of the original. The 'Girl at the Window,' by Murillo, has also been copied; but there is little to be said in favour of any of the copies; and of those after Cuyp's 'Landscape with Cattle' we cannot speak in other terms—the whole of the latter are hard, cold, and entirely deficient of the warm atmosphere through which we see the lower sky of the picture. Of the 'Virgin and Child,' by the same painter, there are thirteen copies, one only of which is of the same size as the picture itself. The best copy of Rembrandt's portrait of a lady bears the signature "Ellen Partridge;" but this is by no means accurate in expression, nor finished with the free handling and rich impasto which has left the flesh with its peculiar texture. Those of the 'Man in Armour,' also by Rembrandt, are numerous, and many so bad that it is a matter of surprise that they have been hung. We cannot believe that such copies can long continue to be thus made an exhibition. We could suggest many other methods of serving the cause of Art more worthy of the British Institution.

**THE PASSIONS OF THE HORSE.**—We strongly recommend those who love to see the horse

as integrity of his transactions with them. The list of subscribers contained the names of several of the leading artists of Great Britain—members of the Royal Academy—and nearly all the leading British engravers.

worthily pictured, to visit a series of paintings by H. B. Chalon, Esq., now exhibiting at 57, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, preparatory to being disposed of "by raffle." The penel of Mr. Chalon has been very celebrated in his day; and he is still entitled to a high place in the department of Art to which his energies were devoted, although younger aspirants for fame have, in a measure, pushed him aside, and he is in a degree forgotten. He was appointed animal-painter to George IV.—an honour continued to him by William IV.; and for a very long period there were few or none in the profession to rival him in portraiture of the horse. Even now, indeed, with one exception, there is no artist so thoroughly conversant with the subject, or who has the power to enter so completely into the spirit of the beautiful object he paints. The series of six pictures to which we are referring are of unapproached merit, as illustrations of the noble animal under the influence of those "passions" by which, like the nobler animal, man, he must be at times controlled and governed. The expression which the artist has given to the countenance of each of the objects depicted is wonderfully true; there needs no key to tell us which passion is illustrated; while every muscle is made to speak. No. 1 represents 'Rage and Agony—Two Arabians Fighting'; No. 2, 'Affection—Brood Mares with Foals'; No. 3, 'Love—A Mare enclosed, a Horse looking over'; No. 4, 'Joy or Gladness—An old Hunter hearing the Hounds, &c.' No. 5, 'Courage, or the Rivals—Two Horses, with a Mare in the Background'; No. 6, 'Terror—Horses Frightened by Lightning, &c.' We direct attention to these pictures, first, because of their intrinsic merit; and next because circumstances render the disposal of them "by raffle" a matter of no inconsiderable moment to the veteran artist. We trust these remarks will lead to their being examined by many; it is impossible for us to do more than thus briefly notice them; they will amply repay the visit they may receive.

**THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GRIEVE.**—We lament to record the death of this gentleman—so well known as a painter of scenery at the Queen's Theatre, and at Drury Lane. We hope next month to present some particulars connected with his professional life.

**THE LATE MRS. HOPLAND.**—This excellent woman—to whom society (the younger portion of it especially) owes a deep debt of gratitude—died at Richmond on the 9th of November, in her 74th year.

**WASHINGTON ALSTON.**—The name of this artist is not unknown to the British public. He resided many years in England, and was an associate or honorary member of the Royal Academy. His death, at Cambridge, near Boston, occurred within the past year, and he left, in an unfinished but far advanced state, a large historical picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' upon which he had been engaged, with some intermissions, for upwards of twenty years, and which is now on exhibition by his friends in Boston. The scene is laid in the banqueting-hall of the King's palace, the King being seated on his throne, with his Queen on his left hand, and the prophet Daniel before him in the act of interpreting the handwriting on the wall. On the right-hand side of the picture are assembled the soothsayers, who, foiled in their attempt to interpret the writing, are looking at Daniel with marked expressions of hatred, jealousy, and contempt. Between Daniel and the soothsayers are several figures, representing the Jews who were taken captive and held in bondage by the King. In the middle ground is the banquet-table, and in the galleries and distance groups of figures exhibiting the confusion and amazement incident to such a scene. The figure of the prophet is a most sublime conception; and that of the King, though unfinished, displaying the terror, anguish, and dismay which one so situated would naturally feel. The Queen is another fine figure, in

which anxiety and sorrow are depicted in the most powerful manner. The light on the principal figures proceeds from the supernatural blaze which surrounds the writing on the wall. Altogether it is esteemed, in composition, expression, light and shade, and in depth and harmony of colour, one of the finest efforts of modern Art. Many years ago it was so nearly completed that a friend of the artist, who saw it, supposed it was finished; but about this time Martin's engraving of the same subject appeared, and Mr. Alston, conceiving that there was a similarity in portions of the two pictures, immediately set to work painting out parts and substituting new matter. While in the midst of these alterations he was compelled to give up the room which he occupied as a studio, and rolled up his picture, in which condition it remained until within the last few years, when he renewed his labours. He was painting upon the head of one of the soothsayers a few hours before his death. He has left several unfinished works, and many sketches upon canvas of subjects which he contemplated finishing. As he always aimed at the highest style of the art, and was an accomplished scholar, a laborious student, and passionately devoted to his profession, these sketches and unfinished pictures, if engraved, would undoubtedly be acceptable to the public. They are mostly on canvas with a red ground, drawn in with white chalk in the most careful manner. Among them is a sketch comprising some fifty figures, upon a canvas four feet by five, of a scene supposed to be 'The Fairies in "Midsummer Night's Dream,"' drawn in ink. Another is 'A Sibyl'; and another, 'The Stoning of St. Stephen'; together with several other subjects of a historical character.

**PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.**—We understand that Daniel Macnee, Esq., R.S.A., is painting a portrait of her Majesty, which he has nearly completed, for the city of Glasgow. Mr. Macnee is an artist of high and honourable repute; and the citizens of Glasgow (very liberal in matters concerning the Arts) have made a wise selection in the gentleman they have commissioned to perform an important task. We have no doubt of his producing a work of great merit—and one that will do credit to his native city as well as himself.

**CONSECRATION OF ST. GILES'S, CAMBERWALL.**—Into this church, consecrated a few days ago, there was a peculiar and novel introduction. The pulpit is of oak; it contains five panels of porcelain; the gift of Thomas Garrett, Esq., of Herne-hill. These panels represent our Saviour and the four Evangelists; and, as examples of the excellence that may be achieved by painting on this beautiful material, are, no doubt, entitled to the high praise they have received in all the public journals. We have not yet had an opportunity to examine them; but we rely on the authorities to which we have referred in stating that they exhibit "boldness and breadth of enamelling never before attained" by painting on this valuable ground. These panels, as well as the encaustic pavement of the chancel (presented also by Mr. Garrett), were produced at the manufactory of Messrs. Copeland and Garrett, at Stoke-upon-Trent; of whose works we have had frequent occasion to make mention. We quote from a contemporary in adding, that these productions "afford certain proofs of what may be accomplished under the judicious management and encouragement these gentlemen afford to the Arts;" recommending, therefore, "the clergy and the architect more especially" to examine the large collection of similar works contained in their London warehouse.

**MONTHLY SERIES OF WORKS OF FICTION.**—We direct attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, announcing their intention to publish a series of original novels, by the leading authors of the age and country, at a price that will induce other purchasers than keepers of circulating libraries, who have been of late years the only buyers of novels. The cost of

a novel is a guinea and a half—a sum totally disproportioned to that demanded for any other class of publication; the consequence has been that no sale has been calculated upon among private buyers of books. The remedy for the evil is about to be supplied; if the plan be properly carried out (of which there is little doubt), the result will be greatly beneficial to the author as well as the publisher, and to the public as much as to both.

**LECTURES ON ANATOMY.**—We perceive that J. H. Rogers, Esq., to whose lectures on "Anatomy, as applied to the Arts," we have heretofore referred in terms of high approval, will re-deliver these lectures in Clipstone-street, beginning the course on Friday, the 10th of January. Every artist who intends or desires to draw the human figure—the only basis of excellence in the Arts—should avail himself of the opportunity of obtaining the knowledge thus placed within his reach.

**THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL OR CATHEDRAL** in St. George's-fields, which has been in the course of erection for a considerable time past, from the designs of Mr. Pugin, advances slowly towards completion. The external parts are nearly finished, with the exception of the ornamental ironwork extending along the summit of the roofs. An open parapet, chaste and elegant, has been fixed since our last visit, and the large window over the principal entrance filled with ground glass. The masons have also just terminated their labours at the decorations of the doorways. Internally little progress seems to have been made beyond the pillars on each side of the nave, and putting in the mullions and other members of the window over the altar. It is much to be regretted that stone has not been used in the erection of this building, instead of the white brick of which it is composed. This has become much discoloured, and already looks very shabby. The absence of the tower, which, from want of funds, the architect has been unable to raise, is a sad drawback upon a structure which promised to be a striking ornament of that part of the metropolis.

**BUST OF THE LORD MAYOR.**—Mr. J. E. Jones has just finished a marble bust of Sir William Magnay, Bart., the late Lord Mayor. It is a finely executed work, and a very striking likeness. The subject was a good one; the head and expression of his late "lordship" are both gracious and intellectual; and they have lost nothing of their advantageous character in the hands of the excellent sculptor. The bust will be, we presume, placed in the Royal Exchange, with which the name of Sir William Magnay will be for ever inseparably associated.

**BOUTIQUIER ARCHITECTURE.**—In our last number we entered into rather particular description—but not at all more so than it was fully entitled to—of Messrs. Williams and Sowerby's shop, as a striking and highly satisfactory instance of what may be accomplished in a subject of that kind by attention to architectural design, and by ingenious treatment. We have now to speak of another example, not exactly similar, because it is a piece of external design; as little, too, is it similar to the other in taste; nevertheless, instructive enough in its way—even more so than could be desired; though as to that we will not be positive, for, if things of the kind are to be bad, the more absurd and flagitiously vile they are the more likely are they to incur general disapprobation and ridicule, consequently to deter from any imitation of them. The specimen of taste which we thus reproachfully allude to is displayed in the fronts of two adjoining houses and shops just erected in Cheapside, where they figure most conspicuously. Notice they are evidently intended to attract, nor can they possibly fail to do so; consequently, so far the aim of the architect and his employers will have been most successful, as, indeed, it deserves to be, since no pains seem to have been spared to ensure that advantage, *coute qui coute*. To speak of style would be downright mockery, there being nothing whatever of the kind, unless we choose

so to denominate that notable gin-palace fashion which was in vogue some years ago, and which is here again revived with a ranker gin flavour than ever. The designer—for let us not call him architect—must certainly have sought inspiration from the spirit of that nectareous beverage, or hardly could he have put together such a chaotic, random assemblage of tawdry trumpery, which has not even the merit of consistency even as such, but is some of it as feeble and finical as the rest is coarse and uncouth, to say nothing of the excessive poverty and bareness of some parts, which are such as to betray miserly parsimony in the midst of unusually ostentatious display. While in some places ornament is quite overdone and exaggerated into heaviness and coarseness, in others it is faint, feeble, and flimsy. We trust, therefore, that, in the new streets which are now forming, either very much better taste will be shown in the fronts of the houses, or no attempt at all will be made at architectural decoration.

**INJURY TO BUILDINGS FROM SMOKE.**—In a course of lectures on architecture, recently delivered in Manchester by Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., he very properly remarked on the injurious effect produced on public buildings by the deposition of soot, and expressed his surprise that in a town like Manchester, where the inhabitants had shown taste and spirit in the erection of many beautiful structures, numerous vast chimneys were still allowed to vomit forth enormous volumes of smoke to defile that which would otherwise be highly ornamental. The men of Manchester (continued Mr. Godwin) were rarely backward in that wise liberality—the true economy—which shrinks from no amount of immediate outlay if followed by a proportionate advantage; and he, therefore, especially wondered that this abominable nuisance should be permitted there, as it had been clearly proved that large savings were effected by burning the smoke, while a great nuisance was avoided, which produced many serious evils, not the least annoying of which was the destruction of all architectural beauty. Mr. Godwin urged the establishment of baths for the poor, as he had done for these twelvemonths past: observing, that purifying the body was one great step towards purifying the mind.

#### REVIEWS.

##### THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Nos. II. and III. LONGMAN AND CO.

In our last number we noticed the labours of the British Archaeological Association, and spoke in terms of approbation of the first number of their Journal. We are glad to bear the same pleasing testimony to their second number, now before us. The Journal is published quarterly, at 2s. 6d.; it is a thick octavo, of a hundred pages, well stored with woodcuts, and full of all that will delight the antiquary, but with a laudable determination to be useful, and to show

"How pleasant are the paths of hoar antiquity,  
Not harsh and rugged as dull tools suppose."

The various papers are all written in a simple, clear style, and, without any parade of learning, assist the reader in well understanding the groundwork of all subjects treated on. Thus, the articles on "Military Architecture," by G. T. Clark, and on "Roman London," by C. R. Smith, are, in fact, introductions to the study of each subject, explaining all peculiarities and technicalities, so that any reader may fully understand their authors. By thus robbing the study of antiquity of that false veil which has obscured it to too many who are apt to consider it as dry and uninteresting, a greater desire to preserve the relics of past ages will be generated, and the work of apoliation arrested; which, in nearly all instances, is the result of ignorance. We are glad to find the meetings of the Society so productive of information, and we earnestly hope their zealous energies will be rewarded by that for which they are so laudably exerting themselves—the preservation of the antiquities of our country.

Since the above was in type we have received the third number. The same clearness of method

and style, and the same careful and instructive explanation, characterize the opening papers of this part. The first article, on "Sepulchral Brasses and Incised Slabs," is of much interest, and will be found exceedingly instructive to the novice who would anxiously desire to possess copies of these valuable records of the costume and taste of our forefathers. The whole process is plainly described as it is practised now, and as it was originally done. It is so simple in operation that for all ordinary purposes a cake of heelball, such as is used by shoemakers, is sufficient, with a few large sheets of paper, for the entire process. The paper has but to be laid on the surface of the brass and rubbed over with the heelball, when a perfect facsimile, more perfect than any drawing could be that occupied treble the time, will be obtained; the lines of the brass appearing white upon a solid black ground. Better and more laborious processes are described in the journal, but for ordinary purposes the one above named is sufficient. Numbers of our village churches preserve most interesting monumental effigies of this kind; and we may add, in the words of Mr. Way, the director of the Antiquarian Society of London, and the author of this paper, "that it is a branch of research which has now become almost exclusively national. England alone now presents any series or large number of these curious works of the burin, produced before the discovery of caligraphic impression." The earliest recorded specimen is that to Jocelyn, Bishop of Wells, who died in 1242: this does not now exist; the most ancient existing one is that of Sir Roger de Trumpington, in Trumpington Church, Cambridgeshire, and it was executed about 1290. The fashion of thus decorating the tomb did not cease until the time of James I. All persons who have leisure or inclination should secure rubbings of these curious works. Paper of any length, and wide enough for any brass, may be had of Mr. Limbird, 143, Strand; and heelball, manufactured expressly for rubbing brasses, from Mr. Ullathorne, of Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and not of Long Acre, as stated in the journal, and which mistake might cause others as much lost time and annoyance as it did us, if it should be wanted just previous to a start into the country by railway. We would urge as many as can to collect and preserve these rubbings, for they are valuable to many, and generally interesting to all.

**THE RIGHT HON. DUNCAN M'NEILL, Lord Advocate for Scotland.**

**THE HON. LORD ROBERTSON.**

**HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.** Edinburgh, published by ALEX. HILL.

We class these prints together, because they are the publications of a Scottish publisher, one whose liberality and enterprise in the cause of Art is honourable to him and to his country. The three portraits are—the first two from paintings by Thomas Duncan, member of the Academies of London and Edinburgh; the latter by a namesake of M'Callum More, Ronald Campbell. They are all engraved in mezzotinto by Edward Burton, and are very masterly productions of the burin. In all respects, indeed, they are quite equal to the best of our London publications of the class, not excepting even the business of the printer, which, as well as the painting, engraving, and publishing, is performed in Edinburgh. This is highly satisfactory. It would have given us much pleasure to have noticed a work of infinitely less merit than these, produced under such circumstances; but it is our duty to refer to three or four works of a far higher order, which Mr. Hill is about to issue: they will come under notice in due course. We allude to them in progress chiefly to show that we have cause to congratulate the Arts, when we find a provincial publisher foremost among their judicious and liberal patrons. The prints to which we thus make reference are, first, 'Windsor Castle' (a larger size than any yet produced), engraving by Mr. William Richardson (in line), from a painting by D. O. Hill, Esq., R.S.A., an artist of whom Scotland is justly proud; the second is 'The Covenanters' Communion,' engraving by Mr. William Howison, from Harvey's very famous picture; and the third is 'The Escape of Prince Charles Edward, under the guidance of Flora Macdonald,' engraving by Ryall, from Duncan's picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1843. Of these works we have seen etchings; but Mr. Hill is on

the eve of publishing the print upon which Mr. Bacon has been long engaged, from Duncan's picture of 'The Prince's Entry into Edinburgh,' a work of singular interest, and one that cannot fail to obtain large popularity.

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Seldom has a work been better timed; it comes exactly when wanted, but without any marks of premature effort or injurious haste. It has been issued in parts; they are now collected into three very elegant volumes, bound with much taste, and forming altogether a work as useful as it is beautiful. The letter-press has been compiled with great care; the safest authorities, ancient and modern, have been consulted; the information it communicates is judiciously blended with curious and amusing matter; and a vast deal of knowledge concerning China may be gathered from these pages. The "Historical and Descriptive Notices" are written by the Rev. G. N. Wright—most industrious editor, whose statements may be generally depended upon, and who contrives at all times to interest his readers in his subject by the exercise of that "tact" in selection and arrangement which results only from long experience and continual study. The drawings have been made from "original and authentic sketches," by Thomas Allom, Esq.—an artist whose "book illustrations" have ever been famous. Few men have a more correct taste, and none know better how to render the Arts instructive and agreeable to the mass.

**ANCIENT HISTORICAL PICTURES, from Drawings by G. P. HARDING.** No. 2: Sir ROBERT DUDLEY.

The first of this interesting series of antique portraits has been already noticed in our journal in terms of approbation, which we would also willingly award to its successor. The son of the celebrated Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth, is here depicted by the hands of Nicholas Hilliard, a favourite miniature painter of the day; and it is a remarkable production of that artist, inasmuch as he seldom exerted his skill upon whole-lengths, such as this. It has been copied most faithfully by Mr. Harding, who has been ably seconded by his engraver, Mr. J. Brown; and it is the exact size of the original miniature (7 inches by 4). As a study for costume this print possesses claims upon attention, every part of the dress and armour of Sir Robert being delineated with such scrupulous fidelity, that the small hooks fastening the armour are distinctly shown. This curious miniature has never been before engraved, and is another welcome addition to our list of English Portraits.

**PORTRAIT OF DR. HAHNEMANN.** Painted by G. E. HERING. Engraved by R. WOODMAN. Published by HERING and REMINGTON.

This portrait is, we understand, a striking likeness of "the Founder of Homeopathy;" it will therefore be very acceptable to his numerous disciples. We can speak of it as a very meritorious work of Art. We extract a paragraph from a brief descriptive prospectus:—"The portrait was taken during repeated sittings at a time when the venerable philosopher was on the verge of his 88th year, still in the possession of almost youthful health, and with that great intellect still unimpaired which had been so long devoted to the benefit of mankind. It cannot fail to be regarded as possessing a value peculiarly its own; a value which will be increased when it is recollected that this portrait will furnish the latest memorial of the kind that can ever be given to the public."

**MORNING AND EVENING.** Two prints engraved by T. ELLIS, from paintings by the late THODORAE VON HOLST. SHERWOOD and BOWTER, publishers.

These prints possess considerable interest; they are among the very few engravings from the works of an artist of the highest genius, of whom it may be emphatically said, "he died too soon;" had he lived to conquer the eccentricities which shackled his fertile mind, he would assuredly have been one of the greatest men of his age and country. The works here multiplied are by no means of his best; yet they prove his capability to give original character to ordinary subjects. The prints have much merit, and cannot fail to attract many.

**TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**

The ART-UNION for January will contain a print produced under singular circumstances. Our readers will, perhaps, remember that, several months ago, we announced a remarkable discovery, by which, in a few days, a large and elaborate line-engraving might be so accurately copied that there should be no perceptible difference between the original and the copy; that an engraving on steel or copper might be produced from an impression of the print—the original plate never having been seen by the copyist; and that the steel plate so produced should be warranted to yield from 10,000 to 20,000 impressions. We stated, also, that it was stated to us, that the producer would undertake to supply a Bank of England note so exactly copied that the person who signed and issued it should not be able to swear which was the original and which the copy.

We have resolved to test this (alleged) invention; and have placed in the hands of the party referred to a foreign print (the plate never having been in England), and selected a subject which may be seen in many shop windows at this moment—so that any person may compare the copy with the original. A proof has been laid before us in an unfinished state,—not, therefore, altogether satisfactory, but still, we think, so wonderful a production that we feel justified in anticipating its complete success—at least in so far as to warrant a promise to give one of them with each number of the ART-UNION for January. Our subscribers will then be as well able as ourselves to judge of it. We shall say how many we have printed, and communicate all we know on the subject.

At present we can only say that within seven days after we placed a proof of the print in the hands of the party referred to, he placed in our hands the copy of it, on the steel; that the original engraving was the work of at least a year; and that the copy is already so marvellously accurate that we are much disposed to have faith in his pledge that, when finished, we shall not be able to distinguish the original proof from a proof of the copy, of which he undertakes to furnish between 10,000 and 15,000 impressions, if we need them.

Our subscribers will bear in mind that, as independently of the interest attached to it, this print will be a very beautiful work of Art, it is essential that they take care to procure their copies of the ART-UNION early; or disappointment may ensue. Indeed, as several of the early Parts of this year are "out of print," many persons who neglected to order the publication in time, are now seriously annoyed at finding it impossible to complete their volumes.

The January Part will also contain a specimen print of "The Ornamentist,"—a work publishing in monthly parts by Messrs. Fullarton and Co., of Edinburgh and London. We gave an example of this publication several months ago. It has since very much improved.

Subscribers will observe that the Title-page and Index are given with this (the December) number of the ART-UNION.

We made an awkward mistake last month in printing Newcastle-on-Tyne, instead of Newcastle-under-Lyne. It was at Newcastle-under-Lyne we saw the exhibition of works of Art; and the very noble and beautiful collection of British paintings and drawings of Charles Meigh, Esq., of Grove House, Shelton.

The name of the artist who made the collection of drawings of the Beauties of the Russian Court is Valentini, not Valentin. The error is material, inasmuch as there is an artist of the name of Valentini who draws on the wood. M. Valentini is an Italian.

We to-day conclude the Sixth Volume of the ART-UNION; with the 1st of January we commence our Seventh Volume. We are justified in promising several valuable and important improvements: in particular those which result from the influence exercised by the Fine Arts over the Useful Arts. For some of the advantages we refer to we shall be indebted to our Foreign Correspondents; who have undertaken to supply us with drawings as well as descriptions of leading continental inventions.

We receive a vast number of letters concerning matters interesting only to the individuals who write them. If we printed answers we should, to gratify one individual, occupy the space that belongs to 3000. We shall willingly answer privately such queries as we allude to; but may not devote our columns to such a purpose. In such cases, however, we cannot acknowledge anonymous communications.

Our next article, illustrating the Mercantile Value of the Fine Arts, will be, we believe, on the interesting and important subject of the manufacture of British Tiles. This will be followed by an article on "Encaustic Tiles."

All communications for the Editor must be addressed in future to the care of

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**PERMANENT DRAWING CHALK**

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